

The Reader's Digest



Of Lasting Interest.

The Fire of Monte Le Breu	Reader	295
The Buffalo—Lord of the North	Reader	296
A Challenge to the Teacher	Reader	297
New York's Chance is an Earthquake	Review of Nations	298
The Advance of Architecture	Science	299
East and West	Editor	300
Getting On in the World		301
President Coolidge's Efficiency	Current History	302
Watch Your Emotions!	American	303
Science Notes	Scientific American	304
Like Summer's Cloud	Fall Review	305
"A Human Fellow Waged Cater"	American	306
As I Like It	Editor's	307
Is the Nobility Delaying?	Liberty	308
As Big a Job as Panama	World's Work	309
Let Schools Develop Individuality!	Family Feb	310
Mr. West and the Peasants	New Republic	311
Chalmers	American Mercury	312
The Oldest and Quaintest Republic	Good Housekeeping	313
The Fetish of Force	Forum	314
Glass—An Organized Industry	Saturday Evening Post	315
Brief Topics	Scientific American	316
Our Future Pension Budgets	American Review	317
Cooperation in America	Review of Nations	318
Albanian Hospitality	Century	319
Hail, and Lightning	Reader	320
General Lafayette in America	National Republic	321
Can It Be Taught?	Bookman	322
The Racing Bonanza	Independent	323
Free Will, Regulation, Non-Resistance	Harper's	324
Our Merchant Aviation	Editor	325
The King of the Arctic Trails	American	326

Number 41

SEPTEMBER NINETEEN TWENTY FIVE

A SUGGESTION

I have found the Digest so profitable that I am anxious to share it with my friends.—*Lyman P. Wilson, Professor of Law, Cornell University, New York*



Perhaps some of YOUR friends would appreciate The Reader's Digest.

If you will send us their names, we shall be glad to introduce it to them.

A Monthly Magazine Digest Service which circulates to members of the Association

THE READER'S DIGEST ASSOCIATION
Publication Office, Floral Park, New York
Editorial Office, Pleasantville, New York

EDITORS

DeWitt Wallace Lila Bell Ackeson H. J. Cuddeback
25c a copy; \$3.00 a year

*Address All Communications to The Reader's Digest Association,
Pleasantville, N. Y.*

Entered as second class matter Oct. 4, 1922 at the Post Office at Floral Park, N. Y., under act of March 3, 1879.

The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines
—each article of enduring value and interest,
in condensed, permanent booklet form*

Vol. 4

SEPTEMBER 1925

Serial No. 41

The Pits of Rancho Le Brea

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (Aug. '25)

IN the asphalt funnels of Rancho Le Brea (Ranch of the Tar), lying six miles west of the center of Los Angeles, have been discovered the bones of an amazing assortment and number of gigantic prehistoric animals. Unlike most fossil discoveries, here the actual bones were found, preserved complete in their original form. Such of the skeletons as have been reassembled have been set up without restored parts.

Among the ponderous quadrupeds to fall victims to these sticky traps of asphaltic oil were a number of great mammoths, or imperial elephants, some of them armed with curving tusks 16 feet in length and standing three feet taller than Jumbo. There were found the remains of a score of American mastodons; curious short-legged ground sloths as big as oxen; and innumerable camels, horses and bison, all of types that are supposed to have lived between 50,000 and 500,000 years ago.

Of the carnivorous animals, probably attracted to the scene by the struggles of the luckless grass eaters and hastening to devour them, to become themselves victims of the sticky tar, there were over 2,000 saber-toothed tigers, an even great-

er number of giant wolves, great cave bears and scores of lions much larger than any of the present day.

The amazingly effective traps that caught all these creatures probably resulted from a break in the formation far below the surface of the earth, releasing a pocket of gas that blew out the funnels in the clay and sand, to be followed from the depths by an oozing inflow of oil. The lightly encrusted surface would soon have become covered with dust and leaves, hiding the treacherous nature of the oil pools.

It would be interesting to know just what sort of looking woman she was in life whose bones were found about ten feet below the surface of the hardened asphalt in one of the pits. She carried utensils in the form of two wooden paddles, and some bits of bone and shell, neatly perforated, that must have been articles of personal adornment. The skull, rather small for that of an adult, is well formed.

The well-preserved skeletons of about 60 camels and about an equal number of horses, all of types older than those now living, were discovered in the pits.

The collection of fossil remains from these pits, now exhibited at

the Los Angeles Museum of History, Science and Art, is much the largest and best preserved in the world. Embedded in the oily sand and asphalt of the miniature craters, the

bones of these creatures have been hermetically sealed against the action of the elements since the time they sank beneath the surface of the tar.—*Ray Frost.*

The Buffalo—Lord of the North

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (Aug. '25)

SO recently as 20 years ago a published estimate put the number of living bison at not more than 600 in all America; but today there are at least 11,000. From the remnant of the one-time millions, a bison population has been successfully reconstructed.

In the United States five buffalo families are being maintained as wards of the nation. Yellowstone Park has the largest of these, a herd of about 800 head. The National Bison Range in Montana is next, with 675 head, and smaller herds are located in the Wind Cave National Park, South Dakota; the Sullys Hill Game Preserve, North Dakota, and the Niobrara Reservation, Nebraska.

Quite the greatest piece of bison-saving work is being done in the Canadian Buffalo Park at Wainwright, Alberta, where close to 8,000 animals are in pound. The nucleus of this herd came from Montana in 1909, when the Dominion Government bought 641 head, at a price of \$250 each, from a farmer of that state who had taken up buffalo farming by way of diversion. In their new quarters they were given the run of 160 square miles of rolling prairie. The point has now been

reached where an occasional killing off of the old and surplus male animals is necessary to keep the herd in good condition within its allotted space. Eighteen hundred head were slaughtered in the winter of 1924, but by way of offset there were 1500 new calves the following spring.

Buffalo meat has been served during the past two years in hotels and railway dining cars in western Canada, and has also been sold in shops. The hides, too, give the Parks Branch a profit from the surplus killings. A good buffalo hide is worth about \$100.

There are also some wild buffalo in the vast expanse of wilderness called the Northwest Territory, which adjoins the Yukon and extends to Hudson Bay. An area of 10,000 square miles of this woodland buffalo country has been established by the Dominion Government as a national animal park, the newest of the bison sanctuaries. During the next four years, 2,000 of the surplus animals in the Wainwright Park are to be moved to the Northwest Territory and turned loose with their wilderness brothers. —*Aubrey Fullerton.*

I once asked the Gideon Bible officials, what they did to stop people from stealing their Bibles out of hotel rooms. They replied that they did not want to stop them—if anyone wanted a Bible badly enough to steal it they were glad to have them do so. . . The application is that I left my August copy of *The Reader's Digest* on my desk—unprotected for only an hour. It miraculously disappeared. . . Stamps herewith. Please send me another copy.—*H. W. B., Cal.*

A Challenge to the Theater

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Aug. '25)

Fred Eastman

THIS article is addressed to American theater managers and dramatists, by one who loves the theater — one who has always loved the theater.

We in your audiences 15 years ago were a complacent lot. We took our theater, as we took our religion and our politics, in neat bundles handed down to us by our ancestors. Our religion was a creed, our politics a party, and our theater an entertainment. But in these last 15 years we have had our politics land us in the bloodiest war of history. We have seen our churches turned into machines for raising budgets and their spiritual energies dissipated by institutionalism and sectarian strife. And we have seen our theater degenerate into stupid and banal revues.

Our complacency is gone. We have examined the creeds and found them inadequate answers to the spiritual perplexities of modern life. We have examined the political parties and found their shibboleths unsatisfying. And now we are turning to the theater and questioning the theory that this great institution is for entertainment only.

In the Middle Ages the Christian Church gave a rebirth to drama. Passion plays, mystery plays, and miracle plays were presented in the churches by the priests themselves. They proved so popular that there was a general demand for an enlargement of their scope, and gradually the drama began to move away from the church, and lose its sense of mission. It never became great until Shakespeare and his contemporaries came along with their vision of the struggling souls of men and lifted it again to a plane of influence and power in human affairs.

For the essence of drama is struggle, and the deepest struggles of our lives are religious. Whenever the dramatist deals with the deepest of human struggles, therefore, he is dealing with essentially religious subjects. And when he breaks away from those struggles he deals with lesser ones and his art becomes less dramatic—more of a show business.

Stand on any sidewalk of New York and watch the crowds. Can anyone look into those faces and not see there the spiritual restlessness that is burning within, spurring them on from one feverish activity to the next? What they are seeking they do not seem to know. It would be easy to cite statistics—to show, for example, that 80 per cent of the New York Jews are apostate from the synagogue, or that there are 69 Presbyterian churches on Manhattan Island but less than a dozen of them self-supporting. These crowds are religiously adrift. But they are not irreligious — they are not done with the quest for understanding of the mysteries of life.

Consider the significance of the response of these restless throngs to the plays of a spiritual nature which have been produced within the past ten years in New York. First came "The Servant in the House"; then "The Passing of the Third Floor Back"; and in 1922, "The Fool." Crowds flocked to each of these plays for a whole season as in olden days they flocked to a revival. A year ago came "Saint Joan" and "Outward Bound," both frankly concerned with the religious struggles of men's spirits. Both ran to the accompaniment of joyful refrains from the box office.

Yet despite the success of such plays, each new writer with a dra-

ma of any depth of spiritual power has had to move heaven and earth to get a manager to read it. Sutton Vane, finding no manager in London who believed in "Outward Bound," finally staked his own savings upon his drama, and when it proved the most popular play of the season in London no one was surprised—except the managers.

I had scarcely penned the above sentence when I received the morning paper and read the statement of two well known managers in New York that the public wants only smutty plays and therefore only smutty plays shall we have from them. Is there not more than one public? Are my friends and I who have been loyal supporters of the theater since our childhood nights in "nigger heavens" not one of them? We do not want smutty plays. We have found the entertainment theory shallow and profitless; we have found bedroom farces ineane and stupid.

Censorship is no solution of our difficulty here. It is not only dangerous to the liberties of a free people but it seldom accomplishes the reform at which it is aimed. It succeeds only in advertising the evil. Some say that bad plays kill themselves. Bad plays do not kill themselves merely, *they kill the theater*. They killed it in Italy in the early centuries of the Christian era when the drama had sunk to an obscene show business. They killed it in England in 1642 by vulgarity which gave the occasion for the ordinance of the Lords and Commons ordering the closing of *all* theaters. You can outrage public decency for a little while; but sooner or later the wrath of the people will descend upon the just as well as the unjust.

But this is only the negative side. Our emphasis is not upon *clean* plays but upon great plays. We are pleading that you give us plays that are big enough and sincere enough to touch our imaginations and exalt our spirits. Dean Inge has said: "When this new prophet comes I

am disposed to think that he will choose to speak to his generation neither from the pulpit nor from the platform, nor from the printed page, but from the stage.

"A great dramatist might help us find our souls." We want the theater to interpret life to us. We want it to seek something bigger than amusement. We want it to unlock the secret of human personalities. We want it to hold the mirror up to our inner natures until we see ourselves as others see us and understand one another better. If the mirror is a true one and held at the right angle there will be plenty of entertainment in what we see!

Let there be no mistake here. If there is one type of play that bores us it is the type that tries to preach a sermon. Sermons have their place—but it is not on the stage. If the dramatist will hold the mirror up to our natures we can find our own sermons, if we want them, and they will be both entertaining and poignant.

There are young American playwrights who are striving sincerely to hold the mirror for us. Lewis Beach, Gilbert Emery, Zona Gale, Frank Craven, Philip Barry, Eugene O'Neill — these, and a few others, have groped their way through the banality of the theater of the last few years and given us works of sincerity and truth. They have done more than all the reformers to turn the theater from show business to drama. They are our hope for the theater of tomorrow.

"A great dramatist might help us find our souls." Where is he? Even now he may be cooling his heels in some manager's office trying to find out what has become of the play he left there months ago. . . Are you people of the theater ready for him? Are you prepared to take his message and interpret it to these spiritually restless throngs? If you are, then we who have been waiting patiently out here in the audiences can wait a little longer. But, for the love of Heaven, hurry up!

New York in an Earthquake

Condensed from *The Review of Reviews* (Aug. '25)

An Interview with Dr. T. A. Jaggard, by R. J. Walsh

DR. T. A. JAGGAR is one of the world's greatest seismologists.

For 25 years he has been taking the temperature and pulse of the earth. Earthquakes and volcanoes have drawn him to Vesuvius, Martinique, Japan, New Zealand, Central America, the Aleutian Islands. Since 1911 he has been director of the volcano observatory at Hawaii.

"No place in the world can confidently be said to be immune from earthquakes," said Dr. Jaggard recently. "New York's turn may be next, or Philadelphia's or Boston's. The great Boston earthquake of 1755 was nearly as severe as the one at San Francisco in 1906. Charleston had one in 1886 which damaged almost every building in the city, and cost many lives. And Brooklyn lies on the same coastal plain as Charleston. There are old volcanic passages under the Palisades. Yes, New York and New England are shakier than many other parts of the world."

Last Fall Dr. Jaggard had said in print: "It is about time for eastern America to demand seismic toll of life and property again." That statement had hardly been made when, on Sept. 30, 1924, buildings rocked in Portland, Me., and other parts of New England.

Until then, probably no person had felt an earthquake shock in the northeast since January, 1921, when a slight one occurred at Glens Falls, N. Y. But 1925 opened with a series of shocks. They came on Jan. 7, Feb. 28, Mar. 7, Mar. 20, April 24, April 27, May 4, May 12. The quake of Feb. 28 was the most intense; it destroyed buildings and lives along the St. Lawrence and was felt by great numbers of people in the cities of Boston and New

York. The shock of April 27 touched the tip of Long Island.

In this northeastern region during the past 300 years, there have been five shocks of high intensity; in 1638 at Plymouth, in 1663 in the St. Lawrence Valley, in 1727 at Cape Ann, in 1755 at Boston, and in 1791 in the Connecticut Valley. This 1925 series of shocks has already become greater in number, severity, area affected, and diversity of zones of origin than any since the great Boston quake of 1755. Apparently we are in the beginning of a spasm, which may last for years. Public interest is rising.

"Because it has so much more at stake," said Dr. Jaggard, "New York should be just as active as Japan in scientific earthquake prediction and study of how to prevent losses. In the Sakurajima eruption in 1914, the greatest in the history of Japan, only 35 lives were lost. Ninety-five thousand people were moved away in safety. That was thanks partly to scientific prediction and partly to organization for the emergency. The great loss of life in earthquake disasters is due not to the quake itself but to the fires, the epidemics, the panic, the failure of supplies of food and water.

"In Tokyo, 75 per cent of the loss was caused by these secondary effects. It is not too much to say that by prediction and prevention 75 per cent of the potential loss in any city could be averted. After great disasters there are always solemn commissions appointed; why not before?

"Nature may or may not have made the site of New York dangerous, but New York has made itself dangerous. If it should be visited by a severe quake, the skyscrapers

would probably not fall, but the elevator shafts would be thrown out of line and the power cut off. You can imagine the thousands of people who work on the upper floors, pouring down the stairways of a swaying building.

"The subways would probably be left quite intact. But with the dynamos at the power stations jammed, the trains would stop. There would be no ventilation. And fires in the streets above would make every tube an oven. Oil tanks all over the city might break and overflow and catch fire. How much do you think the fire department would be able to do in streets jammed with automobiles and frightened people? Could they fight at the same time 123 fires, the number which started at once in Tokyo? The electric lights would be out. Gas would be escaping from the mains. Perhaps the water supply would be cut off. Pipes would be broken, possibly even the great aqueducts. In Yokohama people were even pinned down alive and then drowned.

"You can see that if every building stood, if no person were struck by a falling brick, if no tidal wave swept over the water front, there might be terrific loss of life. This would grow day by day as the fires went beyond control, as disease and looting spread, and as the city's scanty stocks of food and drink were used up.

"And if the quake were severe enough to throw down buildings the loss of property might be almost beyond computation. The securities in the vaults alone represent the possessions of people all over the world. There is hardly a city anywhere which would not suffer immense loss if New York should be ruined."

The earth experiences 24,000 quakes a year. That is about 66 a day. Most of them are recorded only by instruments. Many of them occur at the bottom of the sea or in

unpopulated regions. It is when a quake happens to strike at one of the points where men swarm, that it becomes a disaster.

"Millions are spent," continued Dr. Jagger, "upon observatories to study the movements of the stars. As many millions should be spent upon underground observatories to study the movement of the earth beneath us. The earth is alive with pressures and shakes, creepings and tiltings. It has its regular and irregular habits, of which we know pitifully little. It is not beyond possibility that geophysics may some day be able to predict the coming of an earthquake.

"Since we founded the volcanic observatory in Hawaii we have learned that explosive eruptions of Kilauea Volcano occur at intervals of 130 years. Early in 1918 we predicted that 1920 would be a critical year. Huge lava flows occurred in that year and in 1924 the eruption came. Probably the fact that it had been foretold largely accounted for the fact that only one life was lost.

"As for very short-time prediction and quick warning, one morning we telephoned to the shipping masters at Honolulu to expect a severe tidal wave about 2 o'clock. At 2:30 it came. It wrecked the fleet of sampans which had paid no attention to the warning. Now we have only to hint at a disturbance and the whole fleet puts to sea to escape it. We had merely recorded a big distant quake under the sea, and figured the distance and the speed of the water wave.

"Earthquake study indicates that there is a certain periodicity. But we have hardly begun our study! It is possible that an underground observatory in New York, manned by experts, might tell us much. And a survey of the city's hazard and a plan for reducing it might save enormous loss within the next generation."

The Advance of Architecture

Excerpts from *The Atlantic Monthly* (Aug. '25)

Thomas E. Tallmadge

TWO remarks addressed to me in the last two years have made so profound an impression that they are in a measure the text, if not the cause, of this essay.

The first was made by an architect, and a distinguished one, a Fellow of the Royal Society of British Architects, advisory head of a great architectural school. We were standing in the shadow of St. Paul's, when he turned to me and said, "Listen, do you really want to know the greatest influence in British architecture today? Well, it's the United States of America!"

The other remark was made by a painter, in the galleries of the Art Institute of Chicago during the Exhibition of American Paintings in the fall of 1923. He turned to me and exploded with "I envy you. I envy your being an architect." I looked at him in alarm. Surely the golden thread had snapped under the strain. "There, John," I said, "calm yourself. You'll be all right pretty soon. I'll go and get a couple of the guards." "No, I mean it," he said. "Architecture is the only art that has made any progress in the last 25 years."

America's great contributions to structural architecture are the skeleton steel frame, on which are hung the walls and floors; the high-speed elevator, a necessary corollary; and the development of reinforced concrete—a new element in architecture. Her contribution in decorative architecture has been her ability to select, digest, and assimilate the choicest products of the ages.

This combination has resulted particularly in great buildings of unbelievable height and dimensions, built as no buildings were ever built previous to the last decade of the

19th century in America, and ornamented with architecture freely and joyfully borrowed and adopted from all ages and all climes.

Previous to 1893 there was not a single class of building in which we excelled or equaled contemporary work of the mother countries, although there is a tradition that back in the 40's European architects visited this country to study our penal institutions, which had advanced a step or two beyond the Bastille and the Old Bailey. Today there is hardly a single class of structure in which an excellent claim cannot be advanced for either our supremacy or our equality.

In the skyscraping office-building class, the Woolworth Tower not only is supreme, but is one of the great architectural creations of all time. In monumental architecture the serene beauty of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington surely shames the florid extravagance of its grandiose rival, the Memorial to Victor Emmanuel in Rome. In railway stations the Pennsylvania Station in New York is so far ahead of such a building as the Gare d'Orléans in Paris that a fairer comparison would be to put it shoulder to shoulder with the Baths of Diocletian or Caracalla. The great public libraries in Boston, New York, or Indianapolis are all superior in size and, in the case of one at least, equal in architectural merit to the Bibliothèque de Sainte-Genevieve in Paris.

Our supremacy in hotel architecture is acknowledged abroad, and the great caravansaries which line Park Avenue and Michigan Boulevard are emulated as far as possible by European architects. In bank buildings we are again easily supreme. There is an unbelievably

long list of magnificent structures in which the splendor that was Rome is united to the big business that is America. In shops we have not, perhaps, achieved the charm of those fascinating *magasins* of the Rue de la Paix and Bond Street, but Fifth Avenue and State Street have no equals in the size, magnificence, and convenience of their great stores. In theaters the great building of Garnier, which holds from its throne in the Place de l'Opéra the sceptre of Napoleon the Third over the right bank, is still unrivaled. Perhaps the mighty auditorium of Sullivan in Chicago approaches it in part, but let it reign supreme.

In public school architecture American architects have evolved types of plans and forms of construction that have revolutionized or rather created out of whole cloth a new architectural science. Such high schools, junior high schools, grammar and primary schools, as are found in even unimportant communities are not approached and hardly dreamed of in Europe. In the domain of the less technical but more picturesque collegiate architecture, the Harkness Memorial and the dormitories at Princeton have no contemporaries in England or France for comparison, and so beautiful are they that the faded loveliness of Trinity and Magdalen seems to glow again in these their youthful daughters.

Gothic churches in Europe since the 13th century have, like pallid seedlings, here and there sprung up about the giant roots of Amiens and Chartres, of Salisbury and Wells. The kindest soil seems to have been in England, and here of this second growth are to be found its two noblest specimens — Westminster Cathedral, London (not the Abbey), and the new Liverpool Cathedral. Can we balance the ledger in ecclesias-

tical architecture on this side? It would seem to the writer that none of the three great cathedrals now building in America will equal the great fane of Liverpool. In our parish churches our country has achieved a convincing leadership. The departmentalized Sunday School, especially in the denominational church, has given birth to church schools or parish houses the like of which are utterly unknown abroad; and aside from supremacy in such matters as heating, lighting, acoustics, and scientific arrangement, the best of these churches and parish houses surpass in grace and beauty of detail the work of the best Gothicists of England.

When we attempt to rival England, the home of homes, in domestic architecture, we are bearding the lion in his den; but it is America that has shown England that the house can be built cheaper, the servants will be fewer, and the roast beef will be hotter, if the kitchen is built on the same side of the house as the dining room! It is America that has shown the traditionally tubbed Englishman that a house with ten bedrooms should have more than one bathroom! If you want to see the real influence of the United States on British architecture compare the plan of the contemporary English house with the houses that are springing up by thousands in our suburbs.

Architecture in the breathless beauty of Amiens and Chartres had reached its apogee in the great 500-year cycle that preceded it, which we call the Middle Ages. And now the bells and the voices that sang the requiem of a bloody and a restless past have rung in with shouting a new era, an era which will see with other wonders America in her destined place in the sun.

Fast and Safe

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (Aug. 1, '25)

Tommy Milton, the World's Fastest Automobile Driver

LET'S get this into our heads: It isn't speed so much as recklessness that kills. It is the selfish, reckless or ignorant driver that is a killer.

Five cars out of every 100 are in accidents every year. Drive a car 20 years, say the casualty insurance men, and you're bound to be hurt. Every day in the year, clustered around 52 graves in America, bereaved men, women and children gather and look down upon the caskets of 52 Americans who have been killed by some of the 16,000,000 automobiles in the land.

The all-important thing is to learn to know a sign of danger when you see one. In order to do this you must use your brains. There is an "inside" of driving just as there is an "inside" of baseball.

I'm an automobilist who wants to belong to the non-killers. So are you. There are several pointers for us to keep in mind:

1. Learn your signals and make them carefully. Four motions are enough. I like the Collier's signs. To turn to the left you stretch out your arm and point in that direction. To turn to the right you crook your elbow upward and point your finger toward the right. To stop you hold out your hand with the palm forward. To tell a man behind you to pass you wave your hand forwardly. That's all — and enough. But when you make a signal, make a real signal out of the gesture. Make it in plenty of time. Remember, you're trying to tell someone behind that there's danger ahead. Your signal is just as important and just as life-saving as a railroad semaphore signal.

2. It is dangerous to TAKE your rights; wait for the other fellow to

GIVE them to you. The road automobilist who insists on standing on his technical rights is all kinds of a fool. The best way to get to the morgue is to *take* your rights. You may have a certain right, but does the other fellow know it? Don't seize your "right" until the other fellow lets you know in some way that he recognizes the fact. If he doesn't give it to you, take care of yourself and put him down as a fool. And don't try to outguess or get the best of fools in automobiles. They'll kill a wise man every time, because a wise driver figures out what a fool ought to do, and the fool never does it.

3. There is danger in speeding up when a car passes you from behind. The road is no place for a race. Analysis of thousands of accidents show that trying to head off one of these "passing" fools is deadly.

4. Get your car entirely off the road, if possible, when stopping. When we learn the "inside" of driving we'll be as fearful of cars that are standing by the roadsides as we are of speed maniacs. Of all the death traps of the road the car standing in the road is one of the deadliest. Changing tires in the road is a highly dangerous proceeding. Stopping to talk to a pedestrian, while seeking directions, is a cause of deadly accidents. Pull off the road, if you must stop.

5. Consider as a possible death trap every overloaded, slowly moving truck that takes the middle of the road.

6. Consider as a possible death trap every roadside refreshment stand or filling station where cars stop in the road. Killings are done at these points.

7. Worn front tires render an au-

tomobile as dangerous as a mad dog. Blow-outs, records show, kill not only the driver but others.

8. Your brakes are not safe unless they will hold your car on any hill your car can climb. You and I who do not keep our brakes in order are killers. The man who doesn't want to deserve being thrown into jail as a reckless potential killer must go to the pains of keeping his brakes adjusted. . . What's more, buy a car that you can "brake on the engine," without hurting the engine parts. Automobile engineers say that most cars are made, these days, so that "braking on the engine" does no injury. Continue the ignition while you're "engine braking."

9. Too much play in your steering wheel is dangerous; one has to whirl it halfway around to get results. That man in that car is deadly—he ought to know he's deadly.

10. Here's a fellow with a spotlight on his car. It isn't on the left side of the car, but in the middle or perhaps even on the right side where he can easily reach it with his right hand. It would be better to arrest this man now than to arrest him after he has killed some one. His spotlight, at night, actually invites oncoming traffic to hit him.

11. Here's another killer — the overloaded truck. "Inside driving knowledge" tells one that the speed mania is harmless compared with this slow, lumbering overloaded truck. In the first place, it is practically brakeless. An overweight of half a ton renders the brakes almost useless. A driver with useless brakes is like a man in a crowd with a bomb in his pocket. What's more, if the truck sticks to the middle of the road, it is a veritable death trap,

forcing every car that comes up from behind to face oncoming traffic.

12. The fellow who passes you recklessly from behind is a killer. He makes a bet with himself that if he meets an oncoming car the line will open and let him in again. The man who drives or bets like this is a menace.

13. Keep your car locked and out of the hands of incompetent drivers. Tens of thousands of cars are stolen every year by joy-riders and left at the curbside after the ride is over. Thousands are killed by joy-riders. Car thieves always drive recklessly. Don't blame them alone. What about the man who owns the car? Did he have a lock on the car of a sort that would make theft impossible? An auto owner has no more right to leave his car unlocked on the street than he would have to leave a loaded shotgun on the sidewalk in front of his house.

14. It's a good thing to remember that many grade crossing accidents are caused by drivers who, in excitement of peril, stall their engines.

15. Remember, it isn't the incompetent driver who is the most dangerous. The competent driver who is selfish, cruel, heartless and reckless is the danger of the road. The man or woman who is selfish and heartless in everyday life doesn't lose that character at the driver's wheel. Instead, he or she has a killing weapon which, out of selfishness and disregard for the rights of others, he or she may use as an instrument of slaughter.

It is ignorance that causes automobile slaughter. We can — and we must — learn how to use the automobile without danger to ourselves and without taking the lives of others.

Getting On in the World

Excerpts from Saturday Evening Post and The World's Work

BANKERS have always pointed out the value of ready money and the opportunities which it brings, but there is an entirely different side to the matter which is overlooked by the average young person. The young man usually tells you that he will begin saving later in life and that he will save enough extra to make up for what he has failed to save in the earlier years. But he will have to save, not just that extra amount that he failed to save earlier in life, but instead three or four or even five times that amount!

One thousand dollars saved and put out at 6 per cent interest when a young man is 24 years old is as good as \$2,000 saved when one is 36, and as good as \$4,000 when one is 48. In fact, that \$1,000 will have grown to \$8,000 by the time the young man is 60 years old, without adding a single penny to it.

The compound interest route to more money is a matter that is not appreciated by most people. A year's interest on \$1,000 looks pretty small by itself, but in 12 years, at 6 per cent, that \$1,000 will have doubled. The interest on the interest is what makes the money grow very rapidly later on.

Money pyramids in an astounding way over long periods of years. A man who put out \$1,000 at interest when he was 24, would have \$16,000 by the time he was 72 years old. In other words, placing that \$1,000 out at 6 per cent compound interest at 24 years of age produces sufficient capital at 72 to pay an annual income of nearly \$1,000 and still leave a permanent estate of \$16,000.

Let us see for a moment what could be accomplished by saving \$1,000 each 12-year period. How large an estate do you suppose you could build?

	At 72 years
\$1,000 saved at age 24....	\$16,000
\$1,000 saved at age 36....	8,000
\$1,000 saved at age 48....	4,000

Total\$28,000

Here you have saved only \$3,000 during your life, and yet at 72 years of age you find yourself with \$28,000. But the important point, as you readily see from this table, is that you must begin early.—Saturday Evening Post.

Young Man, Mix In!

Men of power are men who get their lives mixed into the lives of others. Theodore Roosevelt got so many other people's welfare and concern tangled up with his, that hardly a man in the country could make an important decision in his private business without pausing to take account of what Roosevelt's next move might do to his plans. Incredible numbers of people were indebted to him for kindnesses or acts of helpfulness. It was chiefly this inter-penetration of personalities between Roosevelt and the thousands whose lives he touched, that gave him power in the community.

Look about in your own community and see who are the men of power there. Undoubtedly they are the men who have the most contacts with their fellows. The hermits may be interesting curiosities, but they carry no weight in community councils. The moral is, if you want to be a power in the world, "mix in." It can be done without violating the most delicate proprieties. Lord Balfour is a model of the gentleman, but he has projected his mind and spirit into the concerns of millions of people.

Not everybody can emulate these examples on the grand scale, but almost any young man who wants to count in the world can take a hand in village or city affairs, do

the thankless but essential odd jobs of the neighborhood, and become so intimately a part of its life that he finally becomes well-nigh indispensable. To the young fellow just starting out, diffident of his powers and uncertain how to begin, the best advice is, "Mix in!" Tackle the nearest job that nobody wants, and you

will find that it leads to influence and honor. As the hard-pressed but valiant Confederate general said, when the commander of reinforcements asked where he should take his fresh troops into action, "Get in anywhere: there's lovely fighting all along the line." — *The World's Work*.

The air-plane really runs over more people than the automobile.—Los Angeles Times.

The desire to work seems to be entirely confined to the classified ads.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Why couldn't they cut peep-holes in their billboards and charge a nickel to view the scenery?—Spartansburg Herald.

Give feminine fashions time enough and they will starve all the moths to death.—Detroit Free Press.

The mosquito is like a child. When he stops making a noise, you know he's getting into something.—Albany (Ore.) Herald.

Heresy is what you are guilty of if you can't persuade the majority to side with you.—Oil City Derrick.

After asking directions from several ruralities, it is hard to believe that the population is less dense in the country.—San Jose News.

We often wonder why they don't have Wrong Number down in the book among the W's, so we could get it even more promptly.—Ohio State Journal.

The World War was a war to end war, and there are moments now and then when something crops up abroad to make us wonder vaguely whether Versailles wasn't a peace to end peace.—Detroit News.

The doctors get by. They have inside information.—Columbia Record.

We suppose about the hardest thing is for a Florida realtor to feel properly sorry about a California earthquake.—Ohio State Journal.

In the Old Days there was nothing that corresponded exactly to the saxophone, unless it was the heavens.—Detroit News.

Ideals are funny little things. They won't work unless you do.—Columbia Record.

When the Ford factories really go in for quantity production of air-planes we suppose we'll have to keep our window screens in all the year around.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There is something about a windshield glass that magnifies a tack and makes a pedestrian seem a small matter.—Wooster Record.

Many a checkered career ends in a striped suit.—Arkansas Gazette.

The most convincing arguments are those bearing out your own theories.—Arkansas Gazette.

Seismologists in California are now pointing out that there are numerous faults which might have caused the Santa Barbara earthquake, but the loyal Californians will say, "With all thy faults, we love thee still."—Arkansas Gazette.

"Bunk is plentiful," asserts a recent headline on the editorial page of Mr. Hearst's New York American, and until this statement is retracted we, for one, shall accept it as coming from the world's foremost authority.—Life.

What a fine world this would be if people would spend as much energy practising their religion as they spend quarreling about it.—San Francisco Chronicle.

President Coolidge's Efficiency

Condensed from Current History (Aug. '25)

George W. Hinman, Jr.

BEFORE the passing of the last Congress, a resolution was introduced in the Senate which provided for "establishing a Congressional committee to consider ways and means through legislation to lighten the responsibilities of the President." When it came up for consideration, its sponsor announced: "I ask that the resolution be removed from the calendar. I observe that the present occupant of the White House does not ask for its consideration." The resolution was shelved without discussion.

Back of that story is another story, the story of Calvin Coolidge and his first 19 months in the White House.

No great strength of memory is required to recall the wave of sympathy that followed the tragedy of Warren G. Harding. For two successive Administrations the American people had seen their Chief Executive collapse in office. Their friends had seen them gradually weaken, day by day, week by week, under the strain.

The nation looked on anxiously as Calvin Coolidge, a slight, wiry Yankee, lifted upon his shoulders the burden which had broken his two immediate predecessors. Not only was the new Chief Executive compelled to withstand vigorous assaults by the forces of the opposing political party, but also nationally known personages professing his own Republican faith joined in the attack. There were plenty of ambitious celebrities in the Republican party who were determined that the 1924 Republican Convention should ignore the aspirations of Coolidge. Indefatigably, they strove to effect his ruin. They had reason to expect victory. In the history of the country only one Vice

President succeeding to the Presidency upon the death of his chief had been able to retain the office in his own right.

History has recorded how hectic were those months. A combination of avowed political foes in Congress, aided and abetted in secret by other foes, undertook by means of an unprecedented series of legislative investigations to shake the faith of the people in the administration of their Government. Every effort was made to enmesh Coolidge in the tangle of accusations. The actions and motives of the President were impugned to an extent without parallel since the stormy Administration of Andrew Jackson.

During these tumultuous months Calvin Coolidge worked painstakingly, methodically, to achieve his aims. There is no denying the fact that Coolidge qualified himself as an exceptionally capable governmental executive. This is the testimony of veterans of the Federal bureaucracy in Washington, those who hold their places year in and year out regardless of political upheavals.

Nineteen strenuous months in office which had broken his predecessors were to him as a tonic. The scales reveal a gain of nearly ten pounds during that tempestuous period. His daily associates have seen Coolidge thrive in office.

Without doubt, Coolidge's remarkable talent as a governmental executive is the outstanding explanation of his feat in exploding the idea that the Presidency is a "man-killer." He seems to have a happy faculty for getting results without undue effort. He seems to possess the three essen-

tial qualifications of a successful executive: the knack of selecting the right man for the right job, the ability to make the right decision at the right time, and the determination to act with merciless rigor when the occasion demands. The President always has at his call innumerable specialists to advise him. Wilson would call them in and tell them what he wanted done. Harding would discuss with them the various aspects of the problem for which he was seeking a solution. Coolidge calls them in and listens, now and then asking a question. They usually leave as ignorant of the Coolidge viewpoint as when they arrive. Later, the President renders his decision.

Of course, there is another important factor to be considered. The Coolidge character fits in comfortably with any disciplinary program. President Coolidge has imposed upon himself a regimen of the strictest regularity. In the words of his secretary, he "trains for the work of his office as a prizefighter trains for a fight." To begin with, he follows the Franklin precept of "early to bed and early to rise." Wilson and Harding did not always do so.

Seldom is anything permitted to interfere with Coolidge's schedule of meal hours. Harding frequently was delayed in his office until after 2 o'clock before he was able to escape for luncheon. Not so Coolidge.

Almost invariably the morning hours are crowded to capacity with callers, conferences and handshakers. Wilson and Harding frequently chafed under this daily drive. Coolidge accepts it with the inevitable placidity. After 1 o'clock Coolidge's time is his own. If he wishes to study some problem, he studies without fear of interruption. No one dares interfere with his schedule. Quite often the President takes a short nap in the afternoon.

There is no real play in the Coolidge scheme of things. He has no

games. His relaxations are walking, reading and doing nothing. Two walks are fitted into his daily program, one in the morning before he goes to his office and the other in the evening before dinner. Almost invariably they are taken alone, except for the inevitable Secret Service guard. The courses of these walks, like everything else in the Coolidge day, are more or less definitely laid out.

The Presidential yacht furnishes the Chief Executive another means of relaxation. During the Summer the President and Mrs. Coolidge, accompanied by a small party of friends or political advisers, leave Washington on Saturday afternoons. During the Winter the departure takes place on Sundays, immediately after the morning church services. In both cases the yacht cruises slowly, or lies at anchor on the Potomac River, and returns to its dock on Monday mornings. Guests aboard the yacht see but little of the President during these cruises. If he has any work to do, he does it. Otherwise he passes most of the time reading or simply resting. The fellowship of the Harding cruises is conspicuously missing.

Thus, with his capacity for governmental administration and with the strict regularity of his daily life, has Coolidge found pleasure and satisfaction in the post that wore down Wilson and Harding.

Theodore Roosevelt, like Coolidge, an apt executive, was an apostle of the strenuous life. Coolidge, who, like Roosevelt, enjoys the Presidency, is an apostle of the simple life. There are those who are inclined to point to Roosevelt as an exceptionally aggressive and effective political and governmental leader. If there is anybody today who doubts as to the identity of the real President of the United States and head of the Republican party, let him try to accomplish a purpose that is contrary to the wishes of Calvin Coolidge.

Watch Your Emotions!

Condensed from The American Magazine (Aug. '25)

An Interview with Dr. Max G. Schlapp, by E. H. Smith

ROARING BILL GREEN, well known to the New York bar, was a ripsnorter. He both indulged and believed in rages. What did it matter? His friends understood him. But when he lost two good accounts in a month, he began worrying. And when he finally flared into a rage in court, and came within a hair of going to jail for contempt, he allowed himself to be taken to a nerve specialist.

First he had to take a series of tests. He had to wear a gas mask for ten minutes. The gas mask was simply a kind of meter through which was measured the amount of oxygen the patient consumed. Later, blood was taken from his arm, and he was given a tumbleful of absolute sugar. For an hour he sat in the reading-room. Then he lost a bit more blood. The physician explained, "The breathing is what we call the basal metabolism test. It shows how fast certain glands are working, because the chemicals from these glands act with the oxygen you breathe to burn up certain food elements in the body. The sugar and blood business is called the carbohydrate test. It has to do with the storage and elimination of sugars in your system. This indicates the activity of other glands."

"The tests and the examination show that certain of your glands are sorely out of order. They have a lot to do with the emotions. Now, I'm going to give you some gland tablets. These will restore the balance in those over-active glands of yours. I'm also going to give you a sedative, which will quiet you down and keep you a bit calm till we can get the glands back in shape. You

must never skip a dose of this medicine on any account. Further, you must avoid all excitements and rages. Keep out of the way of trouble, get all the rest you can. Cut out the theaters, automobile rides — everything that gives you a thrill. Read contemplative books, go for walks, take a fishing trip. If you do as directed, the gland extracts I am prescribing for you will have you on your feet in a little while."

In two weeks Bill Green was much better. In a month he was considered fit for human society once more. In three months he went back to work, a new man. That was a year ago. Bill doesn't rage any more. His office is one of the most placid spots in town. Also, one of the busiest.

The physician who treated the man I have called Bill Green is Dr. Max G. Schlapp, professor of neuropathology in Post-Graduate Medical School, and one of our leading neurologists and authorities on the ductless glands.

"There is a system of ductless glands in the body," said Dr. Schlapp, "which supplies it with certain chemicals. Each gland, or set of glands, gives off its special kind of chemical, which does its fixed work. Part of this work consists of the stimulating of certain cell groups in the nervous system, or areas in the brain. The amount of chemical given off by the glands determines the degree of stimulation."

"Every time a man sees or hears something that makes him angry, the glands secrete too much of their chemical. That further sensitizes the brain center and the nerves. This, in turn, stimulates the glands to increased ac-

tivity—and that means still more chemicals and still greater sensitization. The whole thing is a vicious circle. In time, the man gets to a stage where he absolutely cannot control himself.

"Men lose control of themselves through all kinds of other emotions—grief, worry, nervous shocks, fear. They all tend to wear down the resistance of the human being, detract from his balance, destroy his happiness, and ruin his efficiency."

Today we know that the glands are among the most important of all organs. They control growth, carry on the chemical work of the body to a large extent, determine our emotions. Even more important, they are the basis of temperament. The human body and brain are simply very intricate chemical laboratories. It has been discovered, for example, that dwarfs and idiots have an absence or shortage of the thyroid glands. It has been found that when extract of these thyroid glands, taken from animals, is prepared and fed to such children, it caused them to grow normally. In the same way, it has been found that, by taking the glands from the pancreas of young animals and feeding them, in prepared form, to diabetes sufferers, the disease could be arrested.

But the reader is more interested in the immediate and less extreme results of worry, rage, anger, fear, and other emotions. In each case our glands begin to give off too much of their irritating substances. Our calm is disturbed, and we lose just so much of our poise and efficiency. We waken the next day insufficiently refreshed, and so the annoyance and emotion of the day or night before carry over into today and lower our capacity for work and achievement.

There are men and women, of course, who are gifted with such genuine calm that irritations do not upset them. These people are so fortunate as to have very evenly ad-

justed nervous systems and gland balance. People of this class are the best managers of others, and, in private life, the most successful husbands and wives and parents.

Dr. Schlapp explained to me the manner in which constant emotionalism, and consequent gland disbalance, unsettles the judgment. "The brain has two general sides or centers," he said, "one of which is called the emotional, the other the intellectual. The latter acts as a sort of brake on the former. Now, when the gland chemicals have been constantly sensitizing the cells in the emotional center until they are excessively explosive, the least wave of feeling causes a strong reaction there, too strong for the intellectual center to check. You act without thinking. In fact, you no longer *can* think clearly, because the balance between feeling and considering in your brain has been disturbed.

"We are living today much too fast in this country, particularly in the cities. Our daily existence now is nothing but a series of emotional shocks, more or less severe. The constant strain, though few of us stop to understand it, is causing our great national instability, the great rise in nervous diseases and insanity, and the prevalence of criminality.

"I am not speaking entirely of our working world. The amusements we go in for are all thrilling, exciting, arousing, nerve-shocking, and gland-disturbing. One of these days we are going to wake up, and find that we must slow down, or perish. We must all try to minimize our stresses and strains as much as possible. We must go in less for excitements, thrills, excesses of all kinds. We must do without so much speed. We must not try to crowd our lives so full. We must remember that a calm man, going steadily and leisurely about his work or play, will do more in the end than all the human dynamos that so soon burn out."

Science Notes

Excerpts from the Scientific American (Aug. '25)

GREAT scientific interest attaches itself to the work being done by the Canadian Government in breeding hybrids at the great Buffalo Park, in Alberta. Hereford, Shorthorn or Aberdeen-Angus cows have constituted the foundation females and purebred bison bulls the males. The offspring is called a hybrid buffalo. The product of two hybrids has been designated as cattalo, and this term is now generally accepted by cattlemen.

In the hybrid and true cattalo are many outstanding characteristics that are highly desirable. First, the hide is very similar to that of the buffalo in quality. The hair is thick and the hide has great warmth. Second, cattalo are remarkably rugged. They are specially fitted to weather the terrific gales in the Medicine Hat region. Such cattle face the storms instead of drifting with them, as do the domestic cattle. They are far better able to resist the inroads of disease.

In the third place, these animals are like the bison in that they are able to forage and thrive on pasture that might mean starvation for a domestic cow. During the winter they nuzzle down through the snow and get feed. They do not require shelter.

There are, however, almost insurmountable barriers in the breeding work. One great difficulty to overcome has been to get adult bison bulls to associate with cows of alien blood. Here has been the solution. Buffalo calves have been kidnapped and placed with domestic cows. When a domestic cow is first introduced to her foster bison son she nearly does a double hand-spring with excitement. But gradually, family matters are adjusted and the foster son is in good standing. It

has been found that bison and domestic calves that are raised together from calves readily consort later in life.

There is hope that in the not too distant future beef animals with bison blood in their veins will be feeding on the great stretches of the prairie provinces where winters are long and severe.

Contact and Refueling in the Air

The idea of making contact between airplanes was tried out at Rockwell Field in the Spring of 1923. To convey the gas, oil and water from one plane to the other, a 40-foot steam hose was used. The method of procedure was to drop the hose from one plane and let it hang while the plane continued on a straight, horizontal flight. In the meantime, the duration plane would come under in such a position that the man in the rear seat could reach out and get the end of the hose, insert the end into opening of a tank, open a valve, and after getting sufficient supplies, turn the hose loose.

The ease with which the two planes made contact was remarkable and, before the first day's flight was finished, the two sets of pilots had become so adept that a plane would leave the ground, make contact, deliver 90 gallons of gasoline and be back on the ground in 15 minutes.

The duration plane broke all existing records for speed and duration, remaining in the air for 37 hours and 15 minutes, and covering a distance of 3,293 miles at an average speed of 88 miles per hour. During the flight it had received from the ground 687 gallons of gasoline, 38 gallons of oil and four hot meals for the pilots.

Following this success, a refueling trip was made from the Canadian

to the Mexican borders. It proved beyond any doubt the practicability of making contact and delivering fuel in the air under any and all circumstances. The plane had refueled in fog, over strange places, and while crossing over mountain ranges in Oregon.

On Oct. 8, 1923, a plane was taken up in flight while attached to the Army dirigible TC-3. The dirigible climbed to an altitude of 2,500 feet, and then the pilot of the plane started his engine and cut the plane loose. The experiment was a complete success; there was no difference between that flight and any other one.

The next stage of the experiment was to attach a plane to a dirigible while both were in flight. The dirigible flew a straight course at an altitude of 2,400 feet. The plane maneuvered for position until the pilot attached the coupling device and stopped the engine. The feat was accomplished.

These experiments have for their object the same end—to increase the cruising ranges of planes by external means. Heavy bombers with their full load of bombs can now leave small airdromes and, after getting into the air, take on their full supply of gas and continue on their flight. Thus, they will be able to take advantage of their full radius of action where formerly they could only partially fill their tanks when they took off with a full load of bombs. Torpedo planes, which now have difficulty in leaving the water, can leave the water with the 2,000-pound torpedo and a small quantity of gas. After getting into the air they can be refueled and continue on and operate at points over 200 miles from shore; whereas formerly they were limited under some conditions to points only 75 miles away.

Commercial planes on long trans-continental trips can be refueled in the air and make trips with full loads without landing.

Consider, too, a dirigible of over 5,000,000 cubic feet capacity, with 15 planes attached, assigned to the coast patrol. The dirigible can operate over 1,000 miles out at sea. It can locate any vessels approaching the coast, and can radio into the shore stations the strength and location of these surface craft while they are still three or more cruising days from shore. Now, consider a fleet of planes dropping from the dirigible, circling over the ships on the water, dropping bombs, raking the decks with machine-gun fire, meeting the hostile planes as they are launched, one at a time, and destroying them. The combination of plane and dirigible seems to approach the ideal. The large dirigible is a moving airdrome, it moves where it is most needed and then launches its planes, thus adding over 1,000 miles to their cruising distance. . . . It is unquestionable that future warfare will be vitally affected by this new method of operation.—Major H. H. Arnold, U. S. Air Service.

Centenary of the Railroad

The year 1925 marks 100 years of railroad operation. In England, on Sept. 27, 1825, the Stockton and Darlington Railway, the first public railway in the world, was opened for traffic. It was a great day. George Stephenson's historic "Locomotive Number 1," preceded by a rider on horseback carrying a flag, hauled at a speed of eight miles an hour a train containing six wagons of coal, one passenger coach (the world's first, a mere box on wheels) and 21 coal trucks fitted with seats for the occasion. It is said 450 passengers rode upon the train. "Locomotive Number 1" did good work. It did not break down—a rather frequent happening to engines those days. . . . The anniversary is particularly significant to the people of the North American continent; for in this vast land progress and settlement only began to make rapid headway after the advent of railways.

Like Summer's Cloud

Condensed from *The Yale Review* (April '25)

Charles S. Brooks

IT is imperceptibly that we have changed. The cloud that rises in the summer's sky moves not on such secret silent foot.

I was thinking of this recently as I came along the street. What has become of the gas lamps? In former days a spry old fellow with a ladder and a can of guttering oil trotted past at twilight to touch the glistening rows of jets that flashed upon our porches. And once there were hitching posts along the curb and those of our richer neighbors held horses' heads on top with rings hanging through the nostrils, as if the brutes had borrowed a savage custom from the ladies of the Fiji Islands. And there were stepping-stones upon our street, so that a lady might mount to her victoria without exposure of a prudish limb. Mincing steps of stone — for the clock upon her stocking was not, as now, a public dial. Where are those ladies who took the air with colored parasols tipped across their shoulders to guard their pink complexions from a freckle? They worked in thread lace. They sewed a comforter from checkered squares of red and white. When old they wore a cap of lace and congress gaiters with cloth elastic sides.

These ladies wore gingham of a morning. They turned a cunning hand to pie, and knew a homely remedy for every ill. Those were the days when a blush mantled a lady's cheek. Her limbs moved then in the secret twilight of a petticoat — once the symbol of the sex — but now the brazen leg has issued from its home and won the vote.

Every house had a fence between it and the street; and lawns did not, as now, run unobstructed to the walk. The slamming of a gate when

guests arrived was the signal to the kitchen for the tipping of the smoky kettle to the silver soup tureen. And the very tureen is gone, once the centre of hospitality, with its *mixing* ladle and its invitation for a second helping.

Trees upon the street used to wear lattice collars to save them from the nibbling of a milkman's horse. Bugles, rattling on the cobbles, have trotted into silence, and the stamping of horses' hoofs. Leaves of our once more wooded village lay to deeper thickness in the gutter, and the smoke of these October fires still lingers in my memory to build the unsubstantial fabric of the past.

Church bells rang on Sunday morning to call us to the service, and any laggard at his window might see his neighbors trickle from their gates to join the sober current of the righteous. Are church bells gone forever? I listen vainly on a drowsy Sunday morning.

Do children still go on strange journeys, pounding at their hoops? Do they walk on stilts? Wash poles once gave but a lazy Monday to the wash, and all the week beside they stretched us into giants.

Every house had its stable with a loft for hay and its Sunday carriage covered with a cloth. And with stables gone there can be no alley in any proper sense.

What has become of the torch-light processions that were the powerful argument for votes in a great election? Their feeble glow-worm, once thought so pretty, would be lost in our brighter lights. Where are the bicycles with tinkling bells that thronged the evening pavements and slipped a nickel soda from a stool?

There is now no casual dropping-

in for euchre and a dish of apples. It was seldom that we passed a solitary night—seldom that chairs were not brought out from the sitting room to reinforce the native rockers of the porch. Rockers were then the fashion—the symbol of our softer wealth—the distinct product of America, unknown to Europe—and a lady placed a patch or button in the leisure of their soothing rhythm without thought how she might save the world. The very ^{wo-} caller, threatens to disappear from customary speech. We have parties still, be sure, but we dress in spangled clothes and the friendly village has departed from our streets.

Hammocks were the fashion, and often they were slung in the backyard between the apple trees. And to sit with a young lady in a hammock was an intimacy denied upon a sofa. It seemed a device for sudden lovers, and sagged in the middle to an easy familiarity that loosened the heart upon a moonlit night.

There are no boys who peddle apples in an August twilight. Popcorn has left its whistling cart for a sedentary stand. With the coming of electric lamps the match-boy—three large boxes for a nickel—has gone out. No more does a hand-organ come among us with infested monkey to soil agreeably the summer night. Hardly a rag-picker drives now his drooping horse to sing of the wares he seeks.

I remember our first apartment house—sniffed at by conservative folk used to village elbow room. Here dwelt folk of prosperous purse in a flat life of two dimensions with a neighbor perched upon their shoulders. Respectability no longer required a lilac bush and whitened stones along a carriage drive.

A horse car rattled citywards with a fare box and a driver on a padded stool. There was straw on the floor in winter and the windows rattled in

the tempest of the journey. Only men of broken age signalled for the car to stop. A public boarding-house came among us to shock our stiffer crinoline. One neighbor, and then another, put in a telephone, and there was less use for gossip across the fence.

Men of business used to come home for midday dinner. We saved all broken crusts of bread for puddings to which we gave sentimental names to disguise their humble origin. Watermelons were round and had not been stretched into the likeness of a giant cucumber. Apples were not aristocrats in separate tissue wrappers, but they stewed like democrats in a common barrel. Pepper, salt, plates, and cloth stayed always on the table and were not swept to a fashionable discard between meals. It was an age of tidies—the pattern of an elk upon a chair back, cloths over the piano with long silk tassels; and a transparency of Niagara Falls that boasted of our travels to our jealous neighbors. The top of fashion was a chair that rocked on stationary runners with coils of springs that squeaked. There are now no carpets to be ripped up at cleaning time, with pads of dusty paper underneath.

For a bath we ran to the kitchen to feel the boiler behind the stove, and when it rumbled we knew that the water was ready for the tub. Coffee cups had guards for whiskers. The railway station was called a *deepot*, a verandah was a porch, an attic still a garret. Neckties came made up. Buttons, not laces, held our shoes. The cry of knives-to-grind no longer breaks upon our quiet street, umbrellas-to-repair, or glass-to-mend that rings a bell to the rhythm of a lazy step.

Like a cloud that moves on silent foot the city has swept upon us, and the village of my youth is gone.

"A Human Fellow Named Cutter"

Condensed from *The American Magazine* (Aug. '25)

Bruce Barton

THE secretary of the business school of Dartmouth College wrote a letter in April, 1904, to A. W. Preston, president of the United Fruit Company, inquiring whether that company might not have an opening for a young man of promise, Victor M. Cutter. The letter set forth in detail Cutter's qualifications.

Mr. Preston said that they ought to take a look at a man who sounded so good; and a day or two later Cutter walked into the office. Preston's assistant, P. K. Reynolds, soon had his story. He was the son of a market gardener. There had never been any extra money in the home, and he had worked always; at Dartmouth he had tutored and turned every other honest trick to meet expenses. He completed the course, and more, adding an extra year in order to know something about accounting, and to study the language and the geography of the American tropics. He had made up his mind to work for the United Fruit Company and here he was on the job!

There were no college men in the company in those days, and there was some prejudice against them in the business world. So Reynolds proceeded to give Cutter a brief course in the horrors of the tropics. Everybody who went down there was sure to get malaria, and probably yellow fever, he said. (This was true at that time.) One's only associates would be negroes and the laboring class of Central America. He must expect to sleep on swampy land, and to be generally uncomfortable. Cutter listened. When the lecture was over he said, "I can start any time." There was no answer but to give him a ticket, and on the next boat he sailed.

His official title was timekeeper of the Buffalo Farm, Zent District. Compared with the marvelous properties and the company today, the farm was a crude affair indeed. For the workers, there were a few thatched roof huts. Cutter's quarters were little better; no screening and no real protection from the days and nights of rain.

Cutter tramped from five o'clock in the morning until it was too dark to tramp any more, in soaking boots that never had a chance to dry. He mended saddles, repaired bridges, cut bananas, cleared up brush after constant storms, and cooked his own meals when the cook left without notice. At night there were accounts to keep, and, just to give variety and prevent the danger of too much sleep, the laborers squabbled in the early morning hours, and the mules took colic and called frightfully for help. It was a gay, bright life for a kid only a month removed from the comforts of a college campus. Cutter smiled through it all, got malaria and went to the hospital, came back, got it again, and came back again.

At the end of six months, when it was evident that he couldn't be made to quit, there was nothing to do but promote him. He was made overseer of a farm in the same district, an old farm which badly needed what later came to be known as the "Cutter tuning up."

The new job gave him a chance to use everything that he had learned, plus some ideas of his own. He made new and better maps; he installed the first aerial tramways for carrying bananas; he made it a point to know more about the life and psychology of the laborers than anybody had known before. He set

aside a little patch of land for experiments in the better cultivation of bananas. Work like that cannot be hidden.

Cutter was moved up to the superintendency of the Zent division, a dozen big farms with 50 white employees, and hundreds of negroes and Costa Rica laborers. It was a kingdom and he, a youngster of 24, had power to do pretty nearly anything, provided the district prospered, and the workers were satisfied. He established schools and hospitals and laid out large experiments in the improvement of the land. He mapped and drained, and planted and explored, his reports being the most complete and interesting which the home office had ever received.

In two years he had carried through his formula again, and the officials, looking around for someone who could tackle Guatemala, said, "There's Cutter. He can't be killed; send him." So to Guatemala he went. In the next seven years he literally transformed a jungle into one of the most profitable operations which the company owns.

He was beginning to be very comfortable in Guatemala, when they tossed him over into Honduras to build wharves, lay out farms, and go through the whole bag of tricks again. Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras—one, two, three and out. There was no question as to what must happen. He knew more about the company's tropical business than any other man; he had licked every job from the lowest all the way up; every worker in the tropics knew that if Cutter were in Boston the decisions would be based upon a complete and sympathetic understanding of all the facts. So, in 1917, he was made vice-president in charge of Tropical Divisions, and installed in an office whose door led directly into the office of Andrew Preston.

Disraeli once remarked that he had noticed that those who had the

most information generally reached the highest places. For 13 years Victor Cutter had been doing every possible sort of job in the producing end of the business; now for seven more years he was to have the great privilege of working side by side with a master of merchandising and finance. When at last Andrew Preston laid down his burden, there was no question as to who could best lift it up and carry on. Cutter had the information, and it covered everything. He was elected president on Oct. 1, 1924. His company operates 1,451 miles of railroad, more than 70 steamships, and 3,500 miles of telephone and telegraph lines. It owns or leases nearly two million acres of land, and employs 60,000 persons, producing and transporting tropical products, principally bananas, cocoa, sugar and cocoanuts.

When Cutter was moved from Costa Rica to Guatemala, 500 negro workers loaded their families and worldly goods into boats and followed him. Nobody told them to go, there was no promise of work or wages; but they had come to love this big, human boss. He played square; and when there was sickness or trouble, he was the first on the job with help. They knew nothing about Guatemala, a three-day journey, but they knew Cutter; they would take a chance on him anywhere.

Three months after Cutter's arrival in the tropics, P. K. Reynolds, who had hired him, visited Costa Rica. One of the officials met him at the boat. "Say, that big chap you sent down here is doing all right," said the official, "but he can ask more darn questions in an hour than any man I ever saw."

Cutter today is at the head of one of the largest American corporations, and he is there because he asked questions and learned all he could.

The habit of asking "Why" is the mother of achievement. It is the creator of presidents.

As I Like It

Excerpts from Scribner's Magazine (Aug. '25)

William Lyon Phelps

WITH reference to the word *vidience*, which, at the suggestion of Mr. John M. Shedd, I advocated in a recent number of this magazine, I am surprised to learn from the Chicago News of April 29 that "the word *optience* for a movie assemblage is already in general use, in the Middle West, at least." I have never heard or seen this word until now, but I give it a hearty welcome into the English language.

Mr. William A. Watts, regretting that the idea did not occur to him in time for the Bok prize competition, suggests as the best means of preventing war, a union of all the owners of Ford cars. "Nothing else is so truly and universally American. They are everywhere and where one Ford lays down its bones two Fords grow. No combination of munition-makers, Wall Street bankers, or other worshippers of Mars could successfully combat the sentiment and dictum of the Embattled Ford Owners of America." Fords, unite!

The Ohio State Journal nominates for the Ignoble Prize the Slouchy Sock: "In the long list of ugly features that come into view when men grow careless in their attire, slouchy socks seem to have a commanding lead over all others. No other bit of untidiness seems to upset so completely all harmony or to be more wholly inexcusable . . . Just now some unthinking promoter of style is seeking to induce young men to adopt slouchy socks, deliberately cast aside the garters, and let their socks hang loose, wrinkled above their shoes, the perfect picture of slouchiness. And, more's the pity, there are young men willing to adopt the change and call it style.

It's the newest thing, so it must be adopted. . . ."

I am in hearty accord with the Ohio editor on this question. . . Remember when you are in England, never ask for garters; ask for sock suspenders.

Miss Reba White, of Villa Park, Ill., nominates for the Ignoble Prize "Expensive, hand-decorated greeting cards. They cost a lot of money and you hate to throw them away — they are not suitable for framing — you can't palm them off on poor relations for the senders name is usually engraved or hand-lettered prominently. . . The plumber is calling 'A piece of cardboard for gaskets?' 'Sure, take these!'"

Henry T. Praed, of Yankton College, So. Dak., nominates for the Ignoble Prize "the fellow who works the crossword puzzles in the news sheets while the rest are waiting for the paper." This should be a capital offense.

Edmund Roberts, of Johns Hopkins, nominates for the Ignoble Prize "all librarians who talk out loud in libraries." I never met a librarian who had a loud voice, but perhaps it was because he didn't get a chance.

Patriotism is an all but universal emotion; but the things that stimulate it vary enormously with various individuals. Just as the same sermon will produce religious conviction in one mind, scepticism in another, and disgust in yet another, so the patriotic appeal will not always reach every one in the same fashion. When I was in Paris at the time of Whistler's death, and read an authoritative article in *La Revue Bleue* which called him the greatest paint-

er of the 19th century, the temperature of my patriotism rose.

The death of John Singer Sargent on April 15 is likewise a decisive defeat of the most formidable of all foes—oblivion. He was the greatest portrait painter of modern times; and if any prophecy about anything can safely be made, he will remain forever among the artists. He seems to belong with Van Dyck, Velasquez, Reynolds; and he had in his lifetime no rival. It is pleasant to think that genius does not have to appear in archaic garments; but that a man of our time, dressed in a plain business suit, and living at an American hotel, may have the divine gift. It stirs my patriotism to think that both Whistler and Sargent were Americans.

On May 3, 1924, I had an interesting conversation with Mr. Sargent in his room at the Copley Plaza, Boston. He was absolutely natural, simple, without the slightest affectation or mannerism. Raymond Crosby's sketch of him, reproduced in many newspapers, is an admirable likeness.

In the May number of *The American Mercury* there is a merry picture of the comic horrors that would come to pass if the United States had a Ministry of the Fine Arts. One of my own amusements in solitude is creating impossible day-dreams, like unto those imagined in *The Mercury*, a particular one is so persistent that I shall not get rid of it until I print it. So, in all geniality, here it is: I see the interior of a crowded Methodist Sunday School, on a hot morning in June; close to the superintendent on the platform stand Mencken and Nathan, dressed in white frocks, with pink sashes; they are holding hands, and singing "America, the Beautiful."

This year marks the 400th anniversary of the first printing of the English Bible by Tyndale, and the 250th of the first Oxford Bible. The best way for every American to celebrate the occasion is forthwith to buy an Authorized Version IN BIG

TYPE. One reason adults leave off reading the Bible is because they do not know that it is possible to buy an English Bible in a volume no bigger than many a novel, and yet with enormous black type. The ordinary flexibly-bound Bible, with tissue paper, and small, thin, pale type, is a discouragement and even a danger to eyes that have looked on the world for more than 30 years. . .

Visitors to New York who wish to know what plays to see and what ones to avoid cannot do better than read the "Tips on Amusements" contributed to *The Wall Street Journal* by the veteran critic Metcalfe. His list of plays is rewritten every Monday noon, and his prefatory remarks are as sensible and penetrating as his condensed comment on each play.

Edith Wharton's new novel, *The Mother's Recompense*, while not so good as her masterpiece, *The Age of Innocence*, is valuable for its pictures of New York and especially for its analysis of the mother's state of mind. . . Thomas Boyd's collection of war stories, *Points of Honor*, confirms my first opinion of him when I read *Through the Wheat*. No books take me closer to the ranks of our fighting men. . . Scott Fitzgerald shows more potentialities in *The Great Gatsby* than in any of his preceding books. It is not a completely satisfactory story, but there is uncanny insight. . . Sheila Kaye-Smith proceeds on her triumphant way with *The George and the Crown*. I know of no living novelist, except Thomas Hardy, who mingles nature and human nature into so perfect an amalgam. . . *The Cruise of the Cachelot*, by F. T. Bullen, recently reprinted, is on the whole the best account of a whaling voyage I ever read. It is prefaced by a superlative compliment from Rudyard Kipling; but his enthusiasm for the book will be shared by all who love stories of the sea.

Is the Nobility Decaying?

Condensed from Liberty (July 25, '25)

The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, London

I AM writing this on board a Cunard liner, after a very happy three weeks in a land which has determined to have no badges of social distinction.

America has achieved fraternity, but not equality; of liberty there is less, I think, than in England. Democracy, as a form of society, is an ideal which a Christian must approve of; as a form of government, it is not an unqualified success.

Aristocracies always decay; it is their nature to! Nothing fails like success; a ruling race or class always ends by ruling itself out. No nation has ever valued long pedigrees more than the ancient Romans. A new man was at a great disadvantage in politics; the people much preferred to elect as consul a candidate whose ancestors had been consuls for 200 years.

We may be sure that no descendants of noble families ever forgot their origin. And yet by the 3rd Century, A.D., the old families were all gone. They had been extinguished chiefly by vicious celibacy; partly, also, by wars and executions.

In England there are only a few families which have been in a high position continuously in the male line since the Norman Conquest. Many others, like the Percys who are really Smithsons, changed their surnames when they married the heiresses of the old stock.

Sir Francis Galton argues that the hereditary peerage is an institution for extinguishing talent. A successful man receives a title. His eldest son, not having enough money to support his dignity, marries an heiress who, being the last survivor of a dwindling family, is usually barren. The younger sons often do not marry at all.

However this may be, the majority of the peerage are of very recent origin. The Wars of the Roses exterminated the Plantagenets and several other great names; in the reign of Elizabeth there was only one duke left. Queen Bess cut off his head, and then there was none. It was left for Charles II to recruit the wearers of the strawberry leaves.

The House of Lords is at present a predominantly middle-class assembly. New peerages have been created by the hundred, and both parties have used them not only to reward political services but to fill the party chest for the next general election. Lloyd George surpassed all others in this kind of corruption; he choked the fountain of honor with mud till many respectable men have refused to accept these questionable distinctions. Many untitled families feel themselves far superior to the upstarts who have bought peerages for cash down.

The war has given the *coup de grace* to a system which was already decaying. The young men of the upper class were the first to volunteer and the first to fall. Though they were the spoiled children of fortune and had every reason to cling to life, they exposed themselves with reckless self-devotion and were mowed down till 20 per cent of all British officers were on the roll of honor. The privates paid just half this toll; one-tenth of the privates and one-fifth of the officers were killed. In this way scores of the old families were wiped out in the male line. The loss is irreparable; war selects the best for destruction.

What the great war began taxation is finishing. The governments of all the belligerent countries were in terror lest the patriotism of the

working class might give way under the strain. The workers at home in England had to be bought off at the expense of the taxpayer. Accordingly, the whole cost of the war had to be thrown upon the shoulders of the smallest and most patriotic class. At present, one-tenth of the people pay five-sixths of the taxes. The old families are ruined; their mansions are sold, torn down, turned into institutions, or stand derelict. Even if their descendants continue to exist, they have lost their prestige, their pride, and their traditions. As an aristocracy their day is over.

Is there any value in pedigrees? We know how much they were thought of even as late as Anthony Trollope. I have had some opportunity of studying the question at Eton, where some of the masters believe that the son of the *nouveau riche*, even of the profiteer, is on the average as good a gentleman as the scion of an ancient stock.

My prejudices are the other way, but my observation confirms the judgment of my Eton friends. I have in mind two recently ennobled families whose grandfathers were day laborers. I cannot see that they are inferior in good looks or manners to the owners of the "sixteen quarterings" on their armorial bearings.

Some will disagree with me on this point. The Englishman of the upper class is three inches taller than the average height of the population, and he is often a very handsome fellow. But his beauty may be due to the predilection of his class for marrying actresses and bar-maids, who are usually good looking; and his height may be partly due to a public school education, for in those seats of learning the conditions are very favorable for bodily development.

It is sometimes said that the son of a *nouveau riche* is more apt to go to the dogs than a youth of good

family. The energy which enabled his father to make his fortune may only send the son to the bankruptcy court more quickly. There may be some truth in this; but one cannot judge from a few examples.

Much has happened in the last few years to give countenance to the opinion that the rich in England are morally corrupt. Socialists are naturally disposed to make the most of the social scandals. The number of divorces and other sexual scandals among the rich is certainly disproportionately large. Their standard in these matters compares very unfavorably with that of the middle class, who are still, on the whole, the backbone of the nation. But it would be very unfair to suppose that the majority of the rich are corrupt. The newspapers make the most of every case that arises. We are driven to the conclusion that though the populace may not practice these vices themselves, they take a peculiar pleasure in gloating over them vicariously.

There is a deep fund of snobbishness as well as prurience in the public. They like to see any dirty linen washed in public, but especially when it is stamped with a coronet.

The characteristic virtues of an aristocracy are neither purity nor a high standard in money matters, but courage, high spirit, patriotism, and freedom from prejudice. Those who have read with disgust certain books of reminiscences dealing with English society during the war are perhaps ignorant of the fine record of high-born English ladies in those years. As nurses, motor drivers, workers in canteens, and in many other ways, they did far better than the corresponding class in France.

Personally I think that family pride is too valuable an incentive to lose, though it needs to be purged from a great deal of nonsense and foolishness.

As Big a Job as Panama

Condensed from *World's Work* (Aug. '25)

French Strother, Associate Editor, World's Work

THREE hundred thousand horsepower of electrical energy is continuously developed in the almost Arctic stillness of the mid-Sierra, and is carried southward across canyons and over passes, traveling through inch-thick cables, under terrific pressure, to drive the motors of industry, and to light the homes of the city of Los Angeles, nearly 250 miles away. Every pulsation of that energy is the transformed power of the falling weight of a drop of ocean water, which was first lifted into the clouds by the sun's rays, driven eastward by the Pacific trade winds, congealed into snow by the cold upper airs, precipitated upon the lofty Sierran summits, melted again by the sun, and caught in man-made mountain lakes.

The first great reservoir in this system is Huntington Lake. Its watershed was insufficient to meet the growing demand for power, so Florence Meadow was turned into a lake, and its waters piped to Huntington. The difficulty of this task lay in the fact that Florence and Huntington are separated by a granite wall of mountains called the Kaiser Range. The "pipe" had to be a tunnel, 15 feet square, and 13 miles long, blasted through solid granite.

Every foot of progress in cutting the tunnel through the granite called for the use of one ton of supplies. At the tunnel is 79,000 feet long, the complete job called for the delivery, to a remote mountain valley, of 79,000 tons of supplies. This prodigious quantity of blasting powder, steel drills, food, and other material, had to be transported from sea level to 5,000 feet elevation by trail over a tortuously crooked railroad, and then by motor truck over

a pass at 9,300 feet elevation. And it had to be moved in the four or five months of summer, because the road over Kaiser Pass is 27 feet deep in snow in the winter.

Two thousand men worked four and a half years to dig the Florence Lake Tunnel. For many months in winter they were cut off from the world as if they were at the North Pole. To keep them in touch with the world, an Alaskan "musher" and his dog-team were imported from the Arctic, and every day they carried the mail in to Florence Lake. Once a week, they brought a new motion picture film, for free exhibition to the workers.

The Tunnel was finished last April. It is another Panama Canal—equaling it in bigness of conception, cost of execution, difficulty of accomplishment, and permanent usefulness as an instrument of man's progress. But the real significance of both is their proof of man's vision, courage, industry, skill, and the capacity of thousands of human hearts to fix upon a common goal and work together to attain it.

Cooperation and good will have seldom been better illustrated. When Ed Davis began this gigantic physical task, the Far West was aflame with the violent doctrines of the I. W. W. Real grievances of the ordinary laborer had been magnified by the preachers of anarchy, until hatred was the spirit of his life and violence often his rule.

First of all, Davis paid all the men their full wages in cash, without the usual deductions for charged articles at the commissary. This move corrected at a stroke the ancient abuse of the "company store." And though the goods for the company store had to be carried by train and truck to

a remote mountain region, every article was priced at the lowest price for which it could be bought in a department store in Los Angeles.

In Western parlance a hobo is a migratory laborer, who carries his blankets on his back, looking for work. The roll of blankets is carried because Western ranches and lumber camp owners and construction camp bosses have not provided anything in the way of sleeping accommodations for their men, beyond rude bunk houses. Davis attacked the blanket evil, for he wanted the men to respect him and respect themselves, as men should. Men with rugged blankets, men with vermin-laden blankets, could not feel the dignity that belongs to them as men; and unless they had that feeling they would not be as good workmen as they ought to be. Davis supplied fresh, warm blankets at wholesale prices, and a decent bed to put them on, and hot showers to be used before bedtime. No man on Big Creek was allowed to use the blankets he brought himself unless they were adequate, and the men only after thorough disinfection and washing. Weekly washing of all blankets, at a nominal price, thereafter kept them all in good condition.

If these details sound trivial, it may be well to pause long enough to explain that exactly these details are the things that so raised the morale of the army of men on the job that the building of Florence Lake Tunnel was completed in 22 months less than the time allowed by the engineering experts who planned the work. Calculate the wages of 2,000 men for 22 months, the interest on an investment of \$100,000.00, and the earning power of the completed plant, and you gain a new idea of the money value, to say nothing of the human values, of these details.

The characteristics of the ordinary "chuck house" of a Western Camp may be gathered from the nicknames that have grown up to describe the food. Where butter is usually called "skid grease," and coffee

"slum," there is no need for further description. Davis changed all that. He installed refrigeration plants. Then he employed experts to get the best food that money could buy. And then he employed railroad dining car chefs to cook it, and dining car stewards to supervise the serving of it. No money was wasted on fancy tables or dishes or cutlery. But everything was kept scrupulously clean. And when the food came to the table, it was good food, in great variety, cooked by experts, and served palatably. The author of this article has worked in Western lumber camps. He has also eaten with the men at Big Creek, and the difference is as between the Last Chance Restaurant in a desert village and the best hotel in New York City.

Many of the men appeared on the job, undernourished from bad food, and plunged at once into hard manual labor. Their bodies simply shouted for fuel. Now, the company charged 35 cents a meal, and they consequently deducted \$1.05 a day from the men's pay to cover the charge. But when the stewards began checking up, they found that some of the men were eating six and seven meals a day! Davis studied the thing out and found that these were the new men on the job. He promptly issued instructions to say nothing to them; let them eat all they could hold, without comment or extra charge; if they ate seven meals a day, they needed them, and anyhow, they were translating that extra bread and beef, by way of increased energy and muscle power, into more pounds of rock per day dug out of Florence Tunnel.

Hundreds of such instances of improved practices could be recounted. They tell the same story, of the power of a common vision of a great task, inspired by an enveloping atmosphere of human personality and good will, to stimulate and unify the spirits and the labors of thousands of men upon a common purpose.

Let Schools Develop Individuality!

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (Aug. '25)

Walter Prichard Eaton

ONE is always hearing talk of the over-emphasis on athletics in preparatory schools. Athletics are greatly emphasized, but there is a very good reason for it. Coming in so large a proportion from homes where there is no true intellectual life, the schoolboys find in athletics almost their first and most natural contact with reality. The cooperation of team play is real. The chance for loyalty to something beyond the self is real. The adulation of other boys for the athlete is real.

The athlete finds himself a leader with influence over his fellows. He feels a sense of power, a stirring of character. Hence it is that in the great majority of schools the athletic field, not the class-room, is the real basis of education, the means through which the school gets at the boys and contrives to make some of them, at least, reasonably dependable, loyal, and fit to stand up among men. The real trouble with the majority of our prep schools isn't too much emphasis on athletics, but no emphasis at all on anything else, except the College Board exams.

Probably 90 per cent of private preparatory school boys expect to go to college, and the entire scholastic curriculum is adjusted to the end of getting them there. To get there, they have to pass certain definite examinations, whether or not they have any liking and aptitude for the subjects represented. Bear in mind that a very considerable number of them come from homes without any intellectual background, and most of them from homes where the ideal of worldly success is a fat income. They are not going to college because of any intellectual curiosity. They are going because it is the

proper thing to do. And now consider the master's job. He has to take boys without mental ambition, and get them past the College Board in a rigid, arbitrary set of subjects which gives him almost no scope to awaken and educate each separate boy through the channel of some specific aptitude that might, conceivably, be discovered in him. Study, for the boy, becomes a bore, and his code too often demands that he scorn any chap who does more than the essential minimum of work. Coming to the school without intellectual interests, or having none roused in him after he gets there, he exalts his one reality—athletics—into a sort of religion, an intolerant religion, too. Conform, he says, to every lad in school, or be the butt of ridicule.

Now it so happens that the really valuable people in this world, whether men or boys, have always been the non-conformists. They have also always been the most troublesome. But it is the duty, and the glory, of true education to help the non-conformists; not to cut men to a pattern, but to develop to the full their individual talents and capacities. Some non-conformist boys are always getting into the prep schools, where they are almost invariably regarded as nuisances by most of their masters, and as freaks by most of their mates. And that is the real and just reproach against our American schools. There is no place in them for the unusual boy.

There is no place for the unusual boy because the rigid demands of the college entrance examinations have made true education more or less impossible; and because the type of American home the average school-

boys come from, the type of bringing up they have had, make these boys, in advance, intolerant of intellectual achievement, blind to everything but the one easily grasped reality of athletic supremacy and leadership. If you don't believe this, ask any schoolmaster what percent of his boys ever read anything but text books and a few of the more sensational magazines. Or give any senior class in any prep school a test on current events. Or ask any school editor how many of his fellows can be induced to write for the literary paper? Or how many can draw a picture for him, or how many can play any instrument? Tell any senior class that Thomas Bailey Aldrich, at 19, published a book of poems, and William Winter, at 19, reviewed it, and Edward Everett, at 20, was installed as pastor of a Boston church, and watch the sheepish incredulity on their faces.

You may ask, perhaps, why the average schoolmaster is annoyed by the unusual boy. The average master is a slave to routine, to "marks," to the necessity of getting his pupils into college. If any considerable number of them fail, he is considered to have failed as a teacher. Give the teacher a pupil of original mind, who refuses meekly to assimilate the daily lessons but asks questions, debates; and routine is interrupted. Give him a boy, still further, who has some pronounced talent, and he finds a problem on his hands that not only interferes with routine but troubles his conscience. For if this boy's bent is science, the chances are he cannot or will not assimilate Latin or English, and if his bent is literary, or artistic, or dramatic, the chances are he cannot or will not assimilate algebra. The masters not only are vexed at the prospect of failure in the college exams.; they are pained at their own inability to supply this boy with what he plainly ought to have—a chance to drive forward along the line of his talent, stimulated by competition, rewarded by praise, and

getting through the line of his dominant interest that maturity of mind and developed individual capacity which it is the business of education to give.

Any master can tell you, if he will, of dozens of cases in his own experience of boys who plainly showed in school a flair for some form of creative activity, but who had to be ironed out into conformity with the college requirements and the code of the clan. A few boys, of course, always have the talent to follow their own star away from college into life, and the character to be as non-conformist as they choose. The majority, however, do not. They struggle with the curriculum dully and dutifully and vaguely wonder why this thing, education, is such a bore; and they either conquer their eccentricities and conform to the code standards of conduct or, after enduring a merciless ragging from their mates, suppress their secret stirrings of the mind and spirit, becoming lonely, unhappy, and sometimes even dangerously unbalanced boys.

English schools are making constant experiment in finding ways to educate a boy through his peculiar talents. It does not seem so with us. "Get into the mould, or get out of the school," might justly be the motto over too many a scholastic door.

Some day, perhaps, we shall abolish all examinations, especially those for college admission. That will be the first step in a genuine educational reform. To get into college a boy will have to demonstrate some genuine intellectual curiosity, and some genuine intellectual capacity either along general lines, or strikingly in one line.

But this is a long way in the future. Meantime, if you have a son who has a genuine talent, who is an unusual boy, for Heaven's sake keep him so. Educate him yourself!

Mr. Ware and the Peasants

Condensed from The New Republic (July 22, '25)

Bruce Bliven

ALL his life, Ware had been puzzling over better ways of farming. Born and raised in Pennsylvania (of American stock for many generations) Ware's curiosity had caused him, after studying modern agricultural methods in college, to make his way across the wheat country in the Northwest, learning the business from the roots up. Then presently, along came the great Russian drouth and famine of 1921 and Ware got interested in that.

He discovered that local droughts were more or less chronic in Russia; that this was not usually due to any lack of moisture, but to the fact that the Russian peasant didn't know how to farm. His two worst farming habits were extremely shallow ploughing, and leaving the fields, ploughed in the spring, to lie open and baking in the sun until August, by which time much precious moisture has escaped.

Ware conceived the simple idea that it would be desirable to teach the Russians how to farm. Anybody, of course, could have had that idea; but it is in what followed that Ware showed his difference from you and me. Ware decided to teach at least a few Russians how they do it in America.

There was at that time, you remember—and still is—a shortage of draft animals in Russia. Ware knew that Russia is just the place for tractors. Its broad prairies make possible the large scale operation which alone justifies the cost of using machines. But tractors cost money; and Ware hadn't any. Accordingly he went to a New York famine relief committee and said: "Give me \$75,000 with which to take tractors to

Russia, and I'll help make drouth impossible there, except in the most catastrophic years."

Oddly enough, it was the Russian members of the Relief Committee who excitedly said "No!" to this proposal. "What!" they cried, "our people are starving! Do you think then that they could boil these tractors and make tractor soup of them?"

The Americans on the Committee, however, gave Ware his \$75,000. So he went back to North Dakota and began rounding up his little band of young missionaries to the Russian heathen.

Once settled in Russia, the absurdity of their endeavor began to strike home. Here they were, ten Americans among 125,000,000 Russians, nearly all of whom are illiterate, superstitious, tradition-ridden, whom they were nevertheless trying to make overnight into North Dakotans! However, they were soon too busy for forebodings. For the famine still existed; and Russians from nearby villages, who had seen their train come through, with the big banners on its side, sent anxious delegations. Would the Americans come and plough their fields?

In no time at all, every tractor was out on a circus tour of its own, going from town to town, one American with each tractor, and an interpreter with each American. Despite the eagerness of the bearded delegations, cautious salesmanship had to be used. Long ago, the village priests had told the peasants that tractors were the work of the devil.

Here is the device the Americans used. In every village, a delegation from the next one was waiting to escort the tractor on its way. The

American boy would invite a likely-looking peasant to ride with him. Later, he would persuade the Russian to hold the wheel. Then, behold the miracle! Down the road comes this strange roaring monster from America, which is said to have a hundred horses, no less, concealed in its belly. And who is it sitting grandly on top of the beast but our own Ivan Ivanovich! What villager after that could be cowardly enough to run and hide?

That was not the only trick which Ware and his crew played. There was for example, the matter of the little fields—innumerable tiny strips. When the tractor, arriving in a village, had been sufficiently admired, each man wanted a field of his ploughed. The American would begin on a plot near town. While the crowd looked on and marvelled, the long clean furrow would be thrown up. Another beside it, and another; and then—Merciful Saints!—the Americanski has stopped! A hasty demand for explanation; and the Yankee gives it: "Your fields are too small. The tractor cannot turn around in them. It can only work in *big* fields. If I must plough only these little patches, then I shall go on to the next village."

Feverish debate. . . . If the American goes away we are ruined. . . . Then the Americanski drops a careless word. Of course, you could make all these little land-remnants into one big field, and plant and harvest it, and give each man his share of the harvest. . . . More feverish debate; and in a miraculously short time the proposal is accepted.

One might go on indefinitely with stories of this campaign. One of the most interesting is the interview with Trotsky. The boys from North Dakota felt that they deserved a holiday, after working 14 hours a day all summer; and they went down to Moscow for a brief visit. Trotsky sent for them. It chanced that nearly all the Americans except Ware were of Scandinavian descent, and of only one generation in America. This fact was mentioned. "So!" said the

Soviet war lord, "In one generation you make Sandinavian peasants into American farmers and tractor experts. Well, we can make Russian peasants over, like that, too. We are going to. You will see!" . . .

The Russian government has turned over to Ware a 15,000-acre farm in a magnificent farming, dairy and orchard region in the northern Caucasus. There the Russian government will cooperate with an American corporation, Russian Reconstruction Farms, Inc., in carrying out an operation which will be both a self-supporting business enterprise and a demonstration station of American farm methods. Young, and therefore adaptable, peasants who are at present serving in the Russian army, will be quartered in barracks in a nearby town and will spend their days on the farm taking a short intensive course in farm methods, not forgetting the tractors! As soon as one group has been run through the mill, another will take its place. The sort of cooperation which was forced upon the peasants when the tractor refused to plow little fields, will be extended into a whole system. In short, the new farm will be a focusing point for new and improved methods. . . . All the contracts with Moscow have been signed. Already, \$55,000 worth of American machinery has been shipped and is on the ground. Most of the members of the American unit have already sailed.

I have talked about Ware in terms of bringing American methods to Russia; but the ignorant peasant is not the only person who needs to have pounded into him the principles of large-scale, efficient and intelligent operation. Here in our own United States, most of our farms are still too small to make profitable the sort of machine operation which is most economical. . . . It would be odd, would it not, if ten years from now I found it advisable to write a magazine article about the group of Russian missionaries sent over to North Dakota to teach American farmers the new ways to farm?

Salesmanship

Condensed from the American Mercury (Aug. '25)

Clarence Darrow

FOR the salesman all men are Prospects. It seems to me only fair, then, that we look upon every one who attempts to sell anything as a Prospector.

All the books on salesmanship lay great stress on the Selling Talk. It is never even suggested that people buy goods because they want them. They must be told that they want them. "The prospect must be willing; he must think certain thoughts. You must lead him to think *those thoughts*." The student is advised to "spend a few evenings studying psychology." Out of that study, brief as it is, he is supposed to attain to complete control of the Prospect. The text-books give a large number of sentences that are certified to be effective. As, for example, "All that you say is true, but . . . ; A little reflection will convince any one that. . . ; Fortunately, that can be taken care of. . . ; Your desire to think it over is commendable, but. . . ."

But before the salesman can make Selling Talks, he must manage to run his quarry down. A careful plan of attack must be formulated. If you are a good salesman, your card will read simply, "Mr. Clyde Edgeworth, Boston, Mass." If the Prospect is a lawyer, for example, he will hope that Mr. Edgeworth has come from Boston to give him money. One book suggests that the salesman may even explain to the office boy that he has no card. This may induce the Prospect to think he has a client waiting outside. It is even suggested that one "use a name so difficult that the office boy will forget it." The manager hears only that some gentleman from Boston wants to see him. This arouses

his curiosity and the interview is granted.

Sometimes the Prospector finds an office unprotected. The method of procedure in this case is to stroll carelessly in. When the Prospect appears, the salesman informs him that he has been waiting for some time. This immediately puts the Prospect on the defensive. Still another way is for the salesman to walk up to the girl in charge and ask for the Prospect and then walk right in to his private office. "While the Prospect is wondering what is wrong with his office system, the salesman is getting warmed up on his talk."

To persuade or hypnotize the Prospect, it is of first importance to get his attention. One canvasser was selling a household appliance:

Occasionally a sharp woman would say, "I am busy and have no time today." Thereupon, the salesman would agree quickly: "I'll bet that's true. When I was first married, my poor little wife just worked herself sick keeping up a house. And I made up my mind then that every little thing that I could get for her to save a little bit of work or time I would if it would take my last dollar." The woman is softened. "And I accidentally ran across the cleverest thing you ever saw for saving her back—here it is right here—I've helped, oh, I guess 2,000 women, to get one like it." And he is on with his canvass.

After the salesman gets the attention of the Prospect, he is ready to unlimber all of his psychological artillery. We are instructed that suggestion is much more important than argument. The principle is so simple that one can't help wondering how a Prospect ever keeps his money. To quote again:

A life insurance salesman, for example, starts in by getting the Prospect to agree that it is a nice day, or that his offices are cheerful. Then he leads him on,

tactfully, from that small beginning to agree that life insurance is a good thing. The next step is to get him to agree that every man should invest a percentage of his income in insurance, and so on up the ladder until finally the salesman gets him to agree to be examined.

To the untutored the most direct way to awaken the Desire to Buy in a Prospect might seem to be by telling him something about the excellence of your wares and his crying need for them. But there are subtler ways, and the books are nothing if not subtle.

The voice can be trained to become so subtly soft and low that it deadens the resistance of the brain like a soothing narcotic.

Meanwhile, the scientific salesman must not overlook the power of the magnetic eye. This power was first used by snakes in charming birds. Here is the modern application:

Can you look a prospect straight in the eye? Can you keep him looking at you while driving home a point? If you can't, learn how. If you want to be master of the situation, if you want to cast an influence over his mind that will be hard to resist, do it with the eye. While looking a prospect straight in the eye, it gives him no chance to reason or reflect. An idea is planted on the subjective mind. It is taken as truth.

As a rule, the salesman cannot get too close to the customer.

It has been demonstrated that if you sit or stand close to the Prospect you can make a better impression and will have more influence than if at a distance. This may be accounted for by your personal magnetism, or the radiating of energy which at close range cannot help but prove more effective than at a distance.

The Prospector is given plenty of illustrations of the way to awaken the Prospect's imagination. The following procedure will increase the business of a shoe store:

The salesman must examine the foot carefully. Lift the foot up and put one hand on the sole and one on top as though getting its contour well in mind. Then he lays it on the floor and asks the customer to put his weight on it. Feels of each joint, squeezes the balls of the toes, and presses upward on the arch.

The salesman then examines the other foot critically. . . . The customer is watching and begins to feel that an expert is fitting him—and that he never had such careful attention before.

The salesman then goes to the shelves. He brings back only one shoe. Does not put it on the customer's foot, but just compares the foot and shoe with his eye. Then returns it to the shelf and brings back another. This one he tries on, but with the same excess of carefulness as he used in his examination.

When the salesman pronounces the customer's foot fitted, it generally goes. And the customer feels that he has indeed received big value.

The Prospect must not be allowed to make his own decision, nor even think about it. He may not need your goods or want them, but you want him to buy them. You must be the complete master in the whole transaction. Now and then, it would seem, a Prospect has a foolish idea that he ought to have something to say himself about how he spends his money. The Prospect is enjoined, to quote one of the books, that

If you keep a tight rein on a skittish horse, you can handle him, but the minute you let him grab the bit and feel he is boss, then you have a dangerous chance of a runaway.

What chance has an ordinary man with a Prospector so deeply learned in psychology? However, this point is covered in a perfectly logical manner by the textbooks.

When a Prospect has granted you an interview, that interview is yours and you have the right to manage it and direct it according to your own particular plan.

Fair enough. The impudence of a Prospect having anything to say about spending his own money! Especially in his own home!

The whole procedure may be summed up in one sentence, taken from a leading textbook:

Do not permit the Prospect to reason and reflect. . . . The expert fisherman tries out the fish—of one kind of bait doesn't get the strike, he changes. And if one kind of hook doesn't land them he changes hooks. If he is alert, aggressive, masterful, persistent and a thorough psychologist he perseveres. He carefully lays his snares, places his bait and, then the unsuspecting Prospect falls into the trap.

Surely something should be done for the ever-growing army of Prospects—we victims of this new High-Power Salesmanship.

The Oldest and Quaintest Republic

Condensed from Good Housekeeping (Aug. '25)

Bessie Beatty

WE were four women motoring in Europe without a man. Our chauffeur, Ida, drove Onaway, a car bought with the earnings of one of the most brilliant story-telling talents of the day.

Up and down that great mountain wall that rises a mighty barrier between France and Spain we climbed day after day, over one of the most spectacular scenic routes in the world on one of the best and most historic feats of ancient road building. Everywhere we stopped, we asked about Andorra, which we had selected as our objective because it was the only place no one of us had ever visited. The peasants scratched their heads. About Andorra they were dumb. Then on the 12th day of travel, we arrived at the last French outpost of our destination. From L'Hospitalet the Andorran frontier is only eight mountain miles distant.

At six next morning we set out. The road wound round the mountain side; hardly a foothold of earth was visible anywhere. Just as we topped the summit, we met our first Andorran — a brown-skinned shepherd in a blue smock under a bright, blue cotton umbrella.

The road to Andorra la Vella paces the noisy, splashing Valira down a steep mountain grade into the quiet meadows of the richest and most beautiful stretch of valley in the land. In all there is scarcely more than a square mile of bottom land, but in its brief summer hour of fruitage it is a garden of the tropics.

Below, the sheets of blue-green alfalfa and waving tobacco plants. Up the mountain sides the terraced fields climb high and higher. Above them still, the stark walls of rock

rise sheer and straight. Those sculptured terraces are the miracle of Andorra. The mountains give land grudgingly to the sons of Andorra. Generations upon generations of them have worked and coaxed and cherished each grain of earth which time has put upon the mountain sides.

As we traveled we saw the harvesting in all its stages. Up on the mountains, where summer comes late, they were still reaping the hay, cutting it down with crude hand scythes, and packing it in mountains on the backs of the hard-working donkeys. Down in the narrow valley close to the stream the grain was harvested and stacked. Men, women, and children worked together.

Inside the houses we found the women using the most primitive of implements. A gypsy kettle swung over a bed of coals. In field and barnyard, forks, rakes, and shovels whittled out of trees.

While we ate supper in En Camp, our Andorran host told us about his country. Our meal was an astonishing affair. It commenced with soup, progressed with sardines, and arrived with the third course at soft-boiled eggs. The real dinner — the mountain trout, the roast lamb, the vegetables, and sweets — all these were still to come.

When we had finished our host announced that the President of Andorra was waiting to greet us. He stepped across to a little table where two men were playing cards. One of them got up and came toward us. It was the ruler of the little republic. He was a tall, lean mountaineer with a shy dignity and round, solemn eyes. He shook hands, and his was the hard, toil-scarred

hand of a working man. For a living the President tills the soil, like other Andorrans. There is little remuneration, save honor.

When he had properly greeted us, the President proudly produced a letter from another republic signed by Woodrow Wilson. "Your great republic speaking to our little one," he said.

The President spoke only his own tongue. His brother translated for him, and far into the night I asked them questions.

The population of Andorra is as unchanging as the hills. History does not record a time when it was either more or less than around 6,000 souls. I asked why it remained so static.

"Many of us do not marry," said the President's brother. "We are poor, and it is difficult. We stay under our father's roof and till his fields. Some of the young ones go away. The life is hard here. I do not blame them. Since the roads were built the young ones think more of going. In your country are many roads, yes?"

"Ours is not a big country," he said; "only 200 square miles. We are not a buffer state or even a fence. We are a bush — a little crumb of earth on a mountain shelf. We are between the lion and the leopard."

I asked about crime. He thought a moment. Then: "If you lost a pocket handkerchief, the person who picked it up would keep it. If you lost an overcoat, it would be returned."

Andorra became an independent state in the 8th century, and a republic more than 100 years before Columbus discovered America. Spain, through the Bishop of Urgel and the Republic of France, are its joint guardians. Though it has no military, it has the legend of a great soldier — Don Marc Almugavar, who went to the aid of Louis le Debonnaire and drove the Saracens through the Pyrenean passes down into Spain, and as a reward

from Charlemagne won the freedom which the country now boasts.

Andorra is like a moment of arrested time. If one of that first band of Catalan peasants who fled to the mountains from their Spanish fields 12 centuries past could return today, he would find little change.

There are no prisons, only one small temporary jail. The government is the maximum of simplicity. The heads of the families are the voting men and the militia, too. In every man's house is a rifle. It is there to answer its country's call, but its owners' need for meat is the only thing to which it actually responds.

Each village selects a captain, and when there is trouble, he selects voluntary officers who mete out justice. Taxes to meet the expenses of the government are raised by the parishes, each according to the method of its own choice. The land belongs to the country, but it passes from father to son. When a man wants a piece of land, he appeals to the government. The government consults the neighbors. If they report him industrious and a good neighbor, he gets it on trial for a short term of years. If the neighbors report that he has done his best with it, he keeps it.

Second sons often go into the priesthood. The youngest son remains at home unmarried. They call him "cunco," and his status is little better than that of servant. . . Both nature and man insist on austere living for the sons of Andorra. Prostitution is not tolerated there. Also there are no hungry. The old and helpless who cannot win bread from the soil receive their daily rations from the parish.

Tobacco, matches, grain, wool and livestock are almost its only products. It is a nation of shepherds. It has all the ingredients of a comic opera setting, if it were not so desperately sincere, if it were not so poor, so hard-working.

The Fetish of Force

Condensed from The Forum (Aug. '25)

William E. Borah, U. S. Senator

THE foundation upon which international affairs now rests is force. Arbitration tribunals and judicial processes may have their place in dealing with matters of minor interest, but the instant a grave question arises, the thought and the threat are of armies and navies. We seem to have no faith in the power of public opinion or in an appeal to the moral sense of the people.

When this government was being organized, the framers were confronted with this fetish of force. The question arose as to how the judgment of a judicial tribunal against a state could be enforced. It was argued that unless there were force behind the judgment, the judgment would amount to nothing. Madison observed, says the Record, that the more he reflected on the use of force, the more he doubted the practicability of it when applied to people collectively. The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound.

Hamilton said: "...to coerce the States is one of the maddest projects that was ever devised."

Thus the fathers made no provision in the Constitution for the enforcement of the judgment of the Court against a State. It was a marvelous exhibition of faith in moral forces, respect for law and the power of public opinion. Force was made subordinate to a higher power. It has now been made so between 48 sovereign states, and with equal faith and courage it seems to me it can be made so between the states of the Western Continent.

An important step has been taken

in the direction of substituting law and order for force in international affairs upon the Western Continent. There has perhaps never been in all the history of the world a more happy, or a more successful, understanding and arrangement than that which has existed between the United States and Canada since both people deliberately and boldly disarmed the long boundary line between their countries. It only illustrates how far and how rapidly we may advance the cause of peace if we can divorce ourselves from the worship of force and have the courage to practice what we preach. Faith in our cause will carry us far toward permanent peace.

A codification of American International Law is to be placed before the Commission of Jurists when they assemble at Rio de Janeiro. One provision reads: "No nation shall hereafter for any reason whatsoever, directly or indirectly, occupy even temporarily any portion of the territory of an American Republic in order to exercise sovereignty therein. No nation has a right to interfere in the internal or foreign affairs of an American Republic against the will of that Republic." These statements are so sound, so just, and altogether righteous that it seems strange that we should be called upon, after 2,000 years of Christian teaching, to announce them in the form of an international code. Public opinion should be organized behind the acceptance of this code. Its acceptance would mark an era in the growth of Western civilization and a most advanced step in the cause of peace.

This code also provides that "territorial acquisitions obtained in the future by means of war shall be con-

sidered null in fact and in law." This declaration is one of the primary principles of international decency and honor. It will have to be accepted by all nations before we can hope for even the beginning of peace. This was in substance the policy announced by the Allied Powers during the World War. Had it been carried into effect at Versailles the world would not now be a seething mass of discontent.

But the United States need not wait upon the adoption of a code. We are strong enough, and ought to be wise and just enough to make the foregoing principles a part of our national foreign policy on this continent at least. We can lead. We can do much by precept and example.

The President declared at Annapolis: "Man is a reasonable being, and finally, reason must assert itself. We must make our choice between holding to this theory or holding that our only reliance must be placed on armed force." We are in a position to put this sound and wholesome and peace-loving policy into effect. Our example and our leadership will go far toward completely establishing it upon this Continent, and its effect throughout the world will be very great.

The most regrettable chapter, it seems to me, in the history of our international affairs, has been the story of our relationship with Central American countries during the last 25 years. We have swiftly and without sufficient cause appealed to force. The invasion of Nicaragua was unnecessary and therefore unmoral. I think our conduct toward Santo Domingo and Haiti equally indefensible. Had we been desirous of resting our action upon reason instead of force, who doubts we could have accomplished all we deserved to accomplish? In any event, we could have shown our good faith by endeavoring to proceed along such lines. I insist that so long as we

so hastily and so lightly appeal to force, it is nothing less than insincere to talk about substituting law and order for violence and force in international affairs. If we mean what we say, we can afford at least to practice it in reference to these small nations whose affairs may be so easily influenced by our actions. When shall we start doing righteousness?

It seems reasonably certain that our policy with reference to the Central American affairs is to undergo a change—a change which is to bring our practice in harmony with our profession. It is understood our Secretary of State entertains the opinion that a course can, and should be, pursued which will put forceful intervention behind us as a thing of the past. The worth and wisdom of such a policy cannot be overestimated. It would not only redound to the honor of this government, establish confidence throughout both Central and South America, but it would greatly enhance the prestige of our nation in the Western Continent. It would give tone and character to a somewhat sordid era in international affairs. It would furnish to the Old World an inspiring example of the great cause of substituting justice and moral cooperation for violence and force in international affairs.

Amidst all the debates and discussions, amidst all the teachings and preachings about peace, leagues and courts, what the world needs now is an example, a manifestation upon the part of some great power that it is really willing to do that which it professes it wants to have done. We are in a position where we need not wait, so far as this particular matter is concerned, upon codes or treaties. We can lead out, and by precept and example magnificently contribute to the cause of peace.

Crime—An Organized Industry

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post (Aug. 1, '25)

Richard Washburn Child

CRIME in America is developing the way American business developed. The cut-throat competition, independence and individual methods yield to conferences, consolidations and highly organized methods. The bootleg ring of a few years from now may represent a capital investment and political power and an interstate activity which will dwarf by comparison some substantial legitimate industries; and the worst of it is that it will be a side partner and protector of gangs of the more serious offenders.

As a man who is one of the biggest bootleggers in the country said to me, "I don't like to do it, but we have to make trades with the criminal gangs." I said, "Well, in your business you are training a lot of young men to gun-toting, reckless living—lawless life in general." He laughed. "There are thousands of them!" he said. "What do you expect? But they won't leave bootlegging to be burglars until our business pays less than it does now. We have a lot of professional crooks who want to get into our industry." He calls it an industry! "But we are getting a better quality of employees all the time, because we have to have 'em. Too much money invested to take risks. Good organization demands good men."

After some months of investigating, it is not the amazing and rising crime tide which creates the deepest impression. On the contrary, it is the tremendous advances being made in the organization of crime, of which the average citizen has even less knowledge than he has as to the facts of the crime tide.

We are coming nearer and nearer to a point where our fight is no longer against the individual crim-

inal, but is becoming a losing conflict with a highly organized system. With this system, stupidity of law-making, bureaucratic law enforcement, the complete ignorance of the public, silly court rules and sentimental bail, parole and pardon systems have no chance against a large capital investment in crime, a perfectly oiled partnership between bondsmen, some criminal lawyers, some political bosses and the "incorporations" of crime rings.

Judge Dike, speaking before the American Bar Association, said: "The methods and principles of big business have been adopted by the criminal world."

Before I undertook this investigation and had confirmation from police officials and from some of the criminals themselves, I was inclined to disbelieve. . . In the case of a fur robbery, for example, you may begin the picture with an office in a fairly respectable office building. On the door appears the notice, let us say, Miami Real Estate Co. The business man, however, who sits behind the large desk with a telephone and a stenographer is not a real estate man. This place is a "pay-off joint"; the man behind the desk is the manager for a group of men who are engaged in the business of wholesale-house, fur and silk robbery. The expression of any one of them who is attached to this particular organization is that he "works out of Joe's pay-off."

Joe, the manager, has many functions and they are not attended with great risk. It is his job to superintend, to plan the work ahead. He divides the profits among the workers, taking care to collect his own large profits. He arranges with the particular garages where fast cars

and motortrucks with removable license plates can be safely engaged. If it is necessary to have an inside man planted on the wholesale-house victims, or to corrupt one of their employees, Joe arranges it. If protection can be bought, Joe is the discreet negotiator. If trouble comes, Joe is the man who has some bondsman on call who will promptly bail out a burglar. Joe is the man who knows the political bosses to whom certain judges in the county owe their seats on the bench.

If you met some of Joe's "work-ers out," you would be astounded to find them for the most part young, and usually well dressed. At least, the important places would be filled by young men whose appearance, expression and contour of features would perplex any of those scientific gentlemen who talk about a "criminal type."

When Joe laid his plans for the robbery of \$50,000 of furs, he may have done so because of a specific demand from some fence in another city. A fence is a receiver of stolen goods. There have been cases of fences which maintained a sales force in the South to take orders for a variety of goods from small dry goods stores—before the goods were stolen. Then the fence would arrange with a pay-off joint to fill the order and the pay-off joint would go after so much fur, so much job-lot taffeta silk, and so forth. Joe draws together information as to the kind of goods received by a wholesale house. He learns whether the concern is protected by a night watchman who may have to be "rubbed out" or by a protective signal system. The whole robbery is organized with painstaking care. It is a highly technical business. . .

The reason for my present investigation is that I had been representing the United States in Europe; and having lived abroad I had learned, as few Americans ever know, that our neighbors see clearly the great American scandal. We have

one pre-eminent national disgrace. It is our crime record. It is not crime waves which need bother us, but the American crime tide.

The whole of England and Wales during 1923, with a population of less than 40,000,000, had less than 200 killings. St. Louis alone did better than that in 1924. In 1924, more than 11,000 persons were murdered in the United States. The figure climbs every year. In European countries, on the whole, the number of crimes of violence is decreasing.

"In London in 1922," said Chief Magistrate McAdoo of New York, "15 murders were committed. Only two went unsolved and only one trial resulted in an acquittal. During 1921 there were 260 murders in New York County, and only three convictions of murder in the first degree!"

I talked with a pay-off joint man in Chicago. He said: "Murder is poor business. But it's one of the safest crimes. The chances are an even break that you will not be found or brought to trial. The chances are nearly 100 to 1 that you won't be executed. The chances are five to one, even if you get into the pen, you will be out before five years. That's the truth. And the chances are you don't get into the pen, anyhow. You'll go to an insane asylum on the testimony of bought doctors. That's murder in this day and place, my friend. It's not the police; it's the law and courts what does it."

One of our prominent life insurance companies has made an analysis showing that, in the country at large, for every 146 murders only 69 indictments were found. Of these 69 only 37 were convicted and only one person executed. It is said that one criminal lawyer, famous as an adroit defender, has to his credit the saving of no less than 103 defendants from the gallows and the chair.

Brief Topics

Excerpts from the Scientific American (Aug. '25)

IT is absurd for a motorist to say that he can stop "instantly" as soon as he hears or sees a warning signal. Tests recently made by the U. S. Bureau of Standards have demonstrated in a scientific manner that, when traveling at 30 miles an hour, the driver who is expecting any instant to be compelled to stop, will allow his car to travel 22 feet before he begins to slow it down.

The tests in question were made on a variety of human subjects and included the most experienced taxi drivers, college students and other normal operators of automobiles. Two revolvers were fastened to the right-hand running board of the test car, and so connected that the trigger of one could be pulled by the investigator who sat alongside the driver, and the trigger of the other operated as soon as the foot brake was pressed.

These revolvers were filled with red lead, which would make an easily measured mark on any pavement. Each driver to be tested was told to hold the speed of the car at exactly 30 miles an hour, and to apply the brakes as soon as he heard the first report of the tester's revolver. Of course, the distance between the two red lead marks made by the revolvers would indicate, accurately, the amount of car travel between the stopping signal and the actual application of the brakes. This average distance of 22 feet, translated into time, amounted to .54 seconds.

Now, remember that the human mind reacts more quickly to an audible signal, and that in every case the driver was expecting such signal at any instant, and therefore was mentally and physically prepared to shift his foot from the accelerator to the brake. Also remember that this was an average figure obtained from test-

ing an exceptionally good class of drivers, although some of these required as much as a second and a half to permit wit and muscle to function. It is a gratifying tribute to feminine perception to note that the women drivers on whom such tests were made indicated an average practically the same as exhibited by the men tested under the same conditions and with similar driving experience.

Such figures indicating the mental and physical lag existing in every normal driver, added to the 50 to 75 feet required for good brakes to act before a car traveling 30 miles an hour can be brought to a full stop, serve to explain, in a measure, the basic reason for a high percentage of automobile accidents.—H. W. Slauson, M. E.

"Spirit Return"

Some seven years ago, after having worked at the problem of "spirit return" quietly by every possible avenue of which I could avail myself and after having failed to get anything through the most accredited scientific channels at my disposal, I decided to approach the general public. The following letter was given to the Morning Oregonian of Portland, Oregon, and was copied rather widely through the Associated Press.

May 30, 1922.

"Mrs. J. Allen Gilbert died Dec. 17, 1917. For months previous to this time her death was a certainty. We were both deeply interested in psychology. Both also had friends who were firm believers in the phenomena of so-called spiritualism. We felt sure that after her death messages would be brought to me from her friends who are believers along this line. In this I have not been disappointed. In order to get this affair on some sort of scientific

basis, previous to her death she and I agreed upon a certain countersign, by which I might be able to recognize any communication from her as genuine in case such should be alleged. She was to make every possible effort to return but credence was to be given nothing by me unless accompanied by the countersign.

"This countersign was put in writing and placed by the editor of the Scientific American in safe-deposit under triple seal. . . . In order to push the experiment in every possible way, I hereby offer a reward of \$500 to anyone who will obtain that password by communication with Mrs. Gilbert.—(Signed) J. Allen Gilbert."

Up to date there have been sent in 139 definite countersigns, all ostensibly from Mrs. Gilbert, all of them different (except three) and all of them wrong. With two or three exceptions the letters have the mark of sincerity upon them. The writers simply do not understand the phenomena they are getting.

Most of the countersigns submitted were claimed to have been obtained directly from Mrs. Gilbert. Many of them described hallucinatory images of Mrs. Gilbert as she appeared to them to deliver her countersign to me through them. Minute details of her dress and general appearance were recited. These descriptions were usually so wide of the mark that they bordered on the ridiculous.

My name having been signed to the offer as "J. Allen Gilbert," a good many answers were based upon a false assumption as to my first name, accepting it from Mrs. Gilbert as John, James, Jimmie, Jim, whereas my true first name is Joshua. Nor does Mrs. Gilbert seem to have any better memory as regards her own name than she has relative to mine. She signs it as Susan, Annie, Louisa, Aurora, Pussy and Anna, all of which have no application.

One of the newspapers in New England, when copying the letter,

got my name "J. Albert" instead of "J. Allen." The former gave just as good results as the latter, Mrs. Gilbert never seeming to detect the error in the name.

Not one of the 139 countersigns submitted has the least resemblance to the real countersign, which will bear unmistakable evidence of its authority when revealed.

What means this medley? . . . While, with perfect justice, we revere our scientists as our main hope in the advancement of knowledge, it does not necessarily follow that they are the most competent observers and judges in a field where fraud and trickery seem to be in the ascendency. They tend to accept what they see because nature in the laboratory is always frank and sincere and seldom fools them. The spiritualistic field is too saturated with fraud to be trusted exclusively in the hands of those who have had an exclusively "scientific" training.—J. Allen Gilbert, Ph.D., M.D.

Note.—Dr. Gilbert has continued his \$500 offer until Nov. 1, 1925.

Oil Pollution

The time has come to put an end to the abominable nuisance caused by oil-burning ships discharging residue from their tanks on the high seas and within the harbors of the world. This filthy mess is a nuisance in more ways than one. It is defiling many of the most attractive bathing resorts of the world. It is endangering the shipping in our harbors because of the liability of the floating oil catching fire—something which has frequently happened with disastrous results—and now the public has awakened to the fact that it is causing a widespread destruction of the bird life of the seas. The floating refuse gums up the feathers and wings of sea fowl to such an extent that they are unable to lift themselves from the water, cannot move about in search of food, and simply drift as starving derelicts until they are cast up by the thousand upon the beach.

Our Future Pension Budgets

Condensed from the American Review (July-Aug. '25)

Milton Conover

IF future Congressional legislation creating military pensions should repeat that of the interval between the Revolutionary and the Spanish-American Wars, of the century 1798-1898 particularly, it is evident that in the year 2023, the American people shall be paying an annual military pension bill of \$372,951,725,000.

Before the Soldiers' Bonus Bill was enacted, a pension list for veterans of the World War was already begun. On June 3, 1923, it consisted of just 57 soldiers and 29 widows and dependents. However, on pondering the principles upon which bona fide pension lists resulting from former wars have developed into comprehensive volumes, one may logically wonder how soon this limited and commendable list for 1923 will be extended to every one of the four million soldiers of 1917-1918, and to their dependent relatives, their future wives, and their descendants unto the second and third generations.

In March, 1792, Congress passed the Act which placed national pensions for Revolutionary soldiers on a permanent basis. The Act of 1818 granted service pensions to Revolutionary War veterans whether wounded or not. Under this act fabulous abuses and frauds were practiced. Thousands of pensioners got rewards who were not at all entitled to them. Congressmen were afraid to reduce pensions because of the great number of voters it would affect.

Pensions to the widows of Revolutionary War veterans began in 1836 — 53 years after the war was over. Many more fraudulent cases followed this practice. Pensions were granted to persons a long time

after they had died. Pension attorneys, public officials, and politicians thrived like ghouls in midnight grave yards, and the pace was set for emulation after subsequent wars.

Pensions were still being paid to the widow of a Revolutionary War veteran as late as 1906, or 123 years after the war had ended. She was then 92 years of age, having been born 21 years after her husband had seen the end of the war. The last pensioner of the Revolutionary War remained on roll until April 25, 1911. She was the granddaughter of a veteran. The total payments for Revolutionary War pensions were approximately seventy millions of dollars.

From those modest colonial beginnings the pensions grew through precedents till what had been but a snowflake became a veritable avalanche. As long as votes for Congressmen could be bought by general and by special pension acts, they would be bought, much to the humiliation of the really deserving American Pensioners, who in every respect had more than earned their rewards.

On June 30, 1923, there were still on the pension rolls some 40 widows of the War of 1812 but no soldiers. Only 49 soldiers of the Mexican War remained, but there was a regiment of 1,636 widows living upon the gallantry of their dead husbands. The total number of persons on the pension roll in 1923 was 539,736, of whom 278,700 were widows, yet the women had had the vote only three years.

It is curious to note that since 1905 the number of names on the pension rolls has steadily decreased, while the annual expenditures for

pensions has steadily increased. Between 1905 and 1923 the number of pensioners decreased 458,000, yet the expenditures for pensions increased \$121,000,000!

Part of this may be explained by such legislation as the Act of September 8, 1916, which provides increased pensions for the widows of the War of 1812. The war had already ended 102 years, and most of these merry widows were probably born within at least a half-century after their hero-husbands had earned their far-future pensions.

Assuming that the annual expenditures for war pensions — if adjusted according to previous pension adjustments — will increase in the same ratio during 1923-2023 as they did during 1798-1898, we may properly estimate that the total annual pension disbursements in 2023 will be \$372,951,725,000.

These funds would be derived from what source? During the rise of these pension precedents, the United States had a public domain of 1,441,000,000 acres, exclusive of Alaska and the insular possessions. From sales and from leases this formerly yielded much revenue. Our tariff revenues will scarcely yield enough to pay moderate pensions. At present the tariff receipts pay only about 3-50ths of the expenses for the administration of the government. What taxes would be necessary to raise future pensions if the precedents of the past centuries were to be emulated?

Yet unless future Congressmen shall be of a different inherent nature than those of the past decade, and unless public opinion shall dictate otherwise, the agitation for war pensions will be continued *ad libitum*, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseum* despite all else Congress may do for the four million soldiers in the way of adjustments of compensation and bonuses. Just as long as candidates for Congress observe that the easiest method of acquiring a seat in

Congress is to exceed an opponent's liberality in distributing pensions to the widows and grandchildren of war veterans, candidates will do so. Nothing but public opinion can prevent them from doing so. Be it repeated that Congress is still appropriating pensions to relatives of veterans of the War of 1812, and of the Mexican War, and of the Indian, Civil, and Spanish Wars. We cannot with certainty predict how long Congressmen will be able to find relatives of veterans of these wars, but we do recall that pensions were being paid to the descendant of a Revolutionary War veteran just exactly 128 years after the Battle of Yorktown. And if these iniquitous precedents are not soon broken, we may logically predict that in the year 2146 A. D., just 128 years after the Battle of the Argonne, the Congress will be compelled, through the very force of these precedents, to grant annuities to even the non-generarian grand-daughters of the World War veterans to compensate them for the pre-natal handicaps that they shall have derived from the devitalization which their grandfathers underwent in the modern training barracks of the Sunny South, or which their grandmothers sacrificed on the dance floors of the welfare chateaux of Tours, Chaumont, and of Paris, whether or not they were actually in the Service as long as 40 days. Following the logic of our precedents a step further, we may safely predict that there are thousands of fair damsels yet unborn who some 40 years hence will marry doting veterans of the World War, and shortly after, occupy a place of honor on the long list of War widowed pensioners.

The undesirability of these precedents calls for no elaboration, but their force can be broken only by a dynamic public opinion which shall support those Congressmen who defend the Treasury from the looting of unseemly pension-mongers.

Cooperation in America

Condensed from The Review of Reviews (Aug. '25)

Charles W. Holman

AN educational enterprise of more than national importance is taking place this summer. About 250 persons are assembling in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania to take part in the first summer session of the American Institute of Cooperation. They are coming from several countries and about 40 states. They include cooperative leaders and technical experts, farm organization leaders, farmers, and students of the movement.

From July 20 until August 15 these men and women will study the history and principles of cooperation and the practices of modern cooperative associations. In the mornings, experts will deliver classroom lectures; in the afternoons, the members of the institute will divide into special study groups.

This first institute marks the beginning of a new era in the history of American cooperation. It marks the beginning of training for a comparatively new vocation—the cooperative career. And it is of more than ordinary interest that this project originated among the cooperators themselves. The cooperative associations have refused the Congressional offer of a federal marketing board to advise and supervise them and are starting out in their own way with a training school for self-help.

I recall quite clearly a conversation that I had ten years ago with the sage of Irish cooperation, Sir Horace Plunkett. He said, "You Americans have a genius for organization. When the economic urge comes your farmers will do things more rapidly and in a bigger way. Their imaginations will be inflamed by the examples of your great in-

dustrial combinations and they will think out their own problems in terms of huge organizations."

That prophecy of ten years ago is being fulfilled in America today. Most of the progress has come about since 1912. In that year I visited representative sections of the United States to study successful efforts of farmers to market their produce. There were then very few outstanding examples. Several thousand local communities had formed associations, but they were mostly cheese factories, creameries and farmers' elevator companies.

It was two years before the Wisconsin cheese producers had formed a federation for sales purposes. It was four years before a really powerful fluid milk cooperative association had been formed about any great city. In Virginia, a potato exchange was in successful action. In the Ozarks, a strawberry association was doing effective work. In the Northwest, there were numerous associational attempts to put on the market high-quality apples. Organization of the almond and walnut growers was getting under way.

There were other successful enterprises; but the outstanding one was the California Fruit Growers' Exchange. The work of that organization was like a beacon fire to farmers throughout America. It had demonstrated the possibility of national distribution under the control of farmers. Daily the officers of the exchange handled pilgrims, like myself, who went there to study and take back to their own people the lessons they had learned. Even then Florida citrus growers were trying to duplicate the California organization.

Even then the ground had been

well prepared; for in this country cooperation is both old and new. A cheese factory was operated on the cooperative basis in Oneida County (N. Y.) as early as 1851. The National Grange did pioneer work in starting cooperative stores. The Farmers' Alliance in the '80's started many enterprises. The National Farmers' Union, formed 24 years ago, had made the organization of local cooperatives its major work. Although started since the World War, the American Farm Bureau Federation has devoted a large part of its activities to work of this nature.

In 1916 fluid milk farmers around many cities had suddenly organized. In 1917 they had established the National Cooperative Milk Producers' Federation. . . . Following the war the price declines gave the needed impulse and the organization of huge centrally-controlled cooperatives has proceeded rapidly in cotton, tobacco and potato sections. A number of selling federations has been formed to care for produce like butter and perishable fruits and truck. The egg and poultry producers of the country have made considerable progress, and notable work has been done in the formation of cooperative live-stock commission houses. A few regional wheat organizations are succeeding.

Today, practically every state has provided for the cooperative type of organization. The Federal Government has given cooperatives certain exemptions from the application of the federal anti-trust laws. Numerous court decisions uphold the right of cooperatives to enforce membership contracts. The business has grown from approximately \$630,000,000 a year at the time of Sir Horace's prophecy to over \$2,500,000,000 in the present year. And yet the movement has just begun to get into its stride.

A few years ago cooperative lead-

ers were preaching organization as a means of dominating the price of a commodity. Now one hears very little of this philosophy. Greater familiarity with the problems of merchandising has convinced cooperative leaders that all they can hope for is to give a greater stability to markets, to eliminate the speculator and the unnecessary person, to effect certain economies, to protect their members as regards price returns by grade and class, and to have, at least, some bargaining power in the great game of price-negotiation.

They have learned also that an efficient cooperative can perform many services and still not have monopoly control of a product. Certain cooperatives having control of products produced in limited areas, in times past, have offered their products at unnaturally high prices. They have always paid the penalty; for production has increased in those products until the job of marketing them is an almost phenomenal undertaking. The aim now of the cooperative leader is to find that price point where the goods will move freely into consumption and the stimulus to over-production will not be offered. With only a part of America's crops organized, the crop that pays the best at once attracts new producers. In time a sort of equilibrium will be established; but until that time, nothing so scares a cooperative leader as to find that his products are selling too fast at prices too high for the lasting good of his members.

As the movement has gained in strength, it is not strange that some attempt should be made to provide a clearing house for cooperative experience and a source of information combined with a training school for employees. That is why the American Institute of Cooperation has come into being. Its work may bring unlooked for results.

Albanian Hospitality

Condensed from *The Century* (Aug. '25)

Elizabeth L. Cleveland

LIGHTS flickered. "They are coming for us." And they were, with torches, real torches — sticks of pitch-pine burning dark flame. We had been walking all day up and down immense stretches of perpendicular country, until night had overtaken us. And now here was welcome, two torchbearers, one our host and one his brother. Starved as we were, it was good to reach the house.

It is a little house, all ground floor, and this floor of trodden earth. At one side, occupying a full third of the house, is a cattle-pen, the fences of which are woven twigs reaching almost to the low ceiling. The family greet us, "God be praised that you are come!" and we give the answer, "Good be to this house." "Peace be with you!" "Glory be to your feet!" Then comes the clasp of hands and the mountain salute of comradeship, given often from woman to woman even when they are strangers—the leaning of the cheek for a moment against the cheek of the other.

The dark interior—depending on a nine-inch window for light — is lighted by the fire, which the mother is piling high with fagots. Stools are brought forward for the guests; and the family, three or four adults and as many children, squat about the open hearth. When a fire is built in the middle of a room, you can really sit around it.

The big boy is roasting coffee in the blackened tin cylinder — shake, shake, like corn popping, over the flame. Every one is taking off his shoes. Soon the ceiling will be decorated with wet socks and the goat-skin moccasins of the mountains. We take off curs. No shame attaches to feet in the mountains. Coffee is passing around. In our exhausted

condition, the solace of hot coffee is a physical and spiritual benison and balm. We forget everything; the rocks that bruised our feet; the wet and the cold, and the gnawing of our hunger.

There is an insane habit in Occidental civilization. We come in exhausted from a day of great physical effort. What do we do? We make laborious and painstaking preparations for bathing. We do not drink or eat anything until this bathing is done, this exhaustive and exhausting cleansing of our already exhausted body.

Not so in Albania. Before Rome was dreamed of, the Albanian mountaineer climbed the mountains. And through the poignant teachings of the needs of flesh he found wisdom. He learned, and down through the ages descended the custom, swathed in ceremonial, embroidered with countless phrases of compliment and counter-compliment, the glorious, sound, and sensible custom of the reception of a weary traveler, the fire, bare feet, and coffee. Washing can wait. Warmth and rest and stimulant have precedence. And nerves and muscle and the deep soul of every man give rich response to these ancient wise proceedings.

The second cup of coffee goes around. Suddenly a big daughter leans over us. "Would you like to wash your feet?" We had been thinking of our face and hands, but this is water, at any rate. We turn our backs to the company. She brings the bowl of hot water and a towel. We dip our hands in silyly, and surreptitiously wet our face. She will help with the washing. She understands washing feet.

We turn to the fire again, unbelievably refreshed. The third cup of coffee is going around. We dimly

wonder whether these people eat at night and, if not, whether they will be willing to make an exception of this night — a concession to the weakness of American stomachs.

But we are very dry and very warm and very comfortable. We had never dreamed of such comfort this side of featherbed civilization. In fact, we have *forgotten* about eating! We are amazed to see a mere mountaineer petting his little son in the most doting and civilized fashion. We see the mother drop a kiss on the yellow hair of her baby. An uncle puts his arm over the shoulders of a young nephew. These people like one another.

Other guests arrive, three or four from the village. Place is made for them by the fire. Ceremonious phrases and gestures pass between them and their hosts. Coffee goes on the fire again. The evening is under way.

Then our guide is asking us whether we would like to have a kid "cut." So they do eat at night, these fascinating people. The kid is captured and brought in squealing for our inspection in much the same way that the waiter at a smart hotel exhibits your chicken before he carves it. The anticipation of supper suffuses us with a pleasant glow.

The table is brought in. Some goat's cheese is set before us. A glass of native brandy is proffered, and the appropriate phrases and responses are gone through before and after, and during this glass. The glass is now empty and is refilled for our next neighbor, who starts in on a brand new set of blessings and responses, and this after we had convinced ourselves that there were no more such phrases to be got out of any language.

Cheese and brandy — this is the more ceremonial part of the meal. It endures a long time; the night is before us. At length, before each one is laid a slab of coarse cornbread, ground in the tiny mill before the house, and bearing, as all Christian bread must bear, the sign of the cross on its under side. A bowl of

lean pork is set in the center. Our impulse is to grab one of the crisp brown pieces. We do nothing of the kind. We converse. Food is food, but conversation is stuff of the spirit.

Eggs come next. Then our kid arrives. . . . We feel stuffed. The housewife removes the table. It is certainly close on midnight, but evidently merely the shank of the evening. The circle around the fire settles back comfortably. The cigarettes are offered, and "Long life to you!" is given in return. . . . A song! We are under the spell of it; the dim room; the glowing, red ashes; the circle of faces; the smoke from a dozen cigarettes. The song stops. Congratulations overwhelm the singer. "Glory be to your mouth!"

Songs are in order. They sing in twos and threes; they sing antiphonally, one taking the song where the other drops it. Midnight and after midnight. At length good nights are said. Blankets are spread on the earth floor, and the men gather about the fire for a last cigarette. There are several hours to dawn, and these men have not been using up nervous energy with the harassing worry of our Occidental culture. Eight hours sleep is an enormous superfluity for a mountaineer. Four or five is his idea of a good night's sleep.

One by one they stretch themselves out, feet to the fire, for, despite the shut door and window, it will be cold before dawn. Sleep overcomes them. The fire sinks lower and lower. The host, not forgetting his hospitality, rises once or twice in the night to replenish it.

The night wears on. We sleep, and wake suddenly to the thick darkness. The sound of sleeping is all about us. The goats stir behind the wicker barrier. Something disturbs them, a fearful cackling, bleating, and squawking begins, and, what is more terrible, continues. No one stirs; they sleep deeply, solidly. And so will they sleep till dawn, the legitimate waker of men, disturbs them.

Hail, and Lightning

Excerpts from *The Mentor* (Aug. '25)

Donald MacGregor and C. F. Talman

IN the year 1757 there was much excitement in Berlin over rumors of an impending war. In order to give the people something else to think about, King Frederick the Great caused a fanciful story to be published in the newspapers about a hailstorm at Potsdam, in which hailstones as big as pumpkins were said to have killed cattle. The story had the desired effect. The public was all agog about the new wonder; meteorology crowded belligerency out of the limelight; and a political crisis was successfully weathered by a bogus storm.

A cattle-killing hailstorm would certainly be an extraordinary event in Prussia, but there are other parts of the world in which it would hardly be a novelty. In the state of Bhor, India, more than 800 head of cattle were killed on Oct. 5, 1893, by hail which covered the ground to a depth of from four to six feet. Several human beings perished in this storm. In the Moradabad district of India on May 1, 1888, about 250 people were killed by hail. Some were slain directly by the hailstones, while others perished from exposure in consequence of the intense cold accompanying the storm. India has experienced many other hailstorms in which men and domestic animals have been killed by icy missiles from the sky. Both in that country and elsewhere hailstones have accomplished surprising feats of destruction. There is no authentic record of hailstones as big as pumpkins, but they are sometimes bigger than oranges. As to the force with which they strike the earth, they have been known to go through tiled roofs and to bore clean round holes through

panes of glass without cracking them. A case has been described in which hailstones buried themselves to a depth of more than half a yard in the soil of a meadow.

Throughout the world it is estimated that hail exacts from the human race an annual toll of something like two hundred million dollars. A single hailstorm in the tobacco-growing districts of Connecticut last year caused losses amounting to a million dollars.

Hail is an episode of the thunderstorm, and, like the latter, is of world-wide occurrence. As a rule, hail falls over only a small area compared with the storm as a whole, and this area frequently takes the form of one or more narrow "hail bands" extending along the general path of the thunderstorm.

A distinguishing feature of a true hailstone is that it is composed partly of ice and partly of snow. Large stones frequently show several alternate layers of these substances. This peculiar structure is explained by the fact that hail is formed in a turbulent region at the front of a thundercloud, where it makes several journeys up and down between relatively cold and relatively warm levels of the atmosphere before finally reaching the ground. At high levels the incipient hailstone is coated with snow, and at lower levels with rain, which changes to ice as the stone is again carried aloft.

In Europe a shocking amount of money has been wasted in efforts to avert hailstorms by firing off cannon and by the erection of "hail-rods," modeled after lightning rods. These expedients are as futile as the rain-

making schemes by which American farmers are so often deluded. The practice of insuring crops against hail has prevailed for generations in the Old World and has recently become very common in the United States, where about \$40,000,000 in premiums were paid last year for this kind of insurance.—Donald MacGregor.

Protection Against Lightning

"Unless a lightning rod or other object extends to more than two and a half per cent of the height of a thundercloud above the ground, it will not always be hit by a lightning flash. If the rod is only one and a tenth per cent of the height of the thundercloud the hits are about equally divided between the rod and the ground.

"Lightning either strikes the rod or some distance away. There is a protected area around the rod with a radius equal to four times the height of the rod.

"A person directly under a thundercloud during an electrical storm is in 15 times as much danger of being struck if he is standing as he is if he is lying flat on the ground. However, the chance that a thundercloud of sufficient voltage to cause a discharge will be directly over any particular object is extremely small.

"Lightning rods seem to be of real value for the protection of buildings, but, except for buildings in exposed positions or in special cases, such as powder magazines, the cost of a rod is not warranted unless it is quite low."

These are the observations of F. W. Peek, Jr., consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, based on extensive tests with real lightning in the mountains of Colorado and elsewhere and artificial lightning flashed upon a miniature village in the General Electric Company's high-voltage laboratory in Pittsfield, Mass.

Statistics showing the havoc of lightning have been gathered in all

the civilized countries for long periods for expert analysis. Among other facts, scientists have learned that, as a yearly average, lightning kills five persons out of every million of population; that lightning is fatal to only one of every four persons struck, and that the extent of death and injury varies with different nations and even with local conditions. They have discovered, also, that a building in the open country is five times more likely to be hit than a building in the city, where its neighbors may absorb the bolt; that the reason so many cattle are killed by lightning, particularly in the West, is the custom of building wire fences, which conduct the discharge for comparatively long distances to corners where the cattle have taken refuge from a storm.

The occasional odd pranks of lightning are commonly known—and credited in science. The fortunate three out of four whom lightning fails to kill may suffer nothing more serious than a complete loss of clothing or a condition in which the hair refuses to grow or imprint strange markings on the body.

"A good many of the old superstitions about lightning are without foundation," said Mr. Peek. There is nothing to the theory that a person is safe on a feather bed. And there is nothing to the statement that a draft through a room will cause lightning to go through. Lightning travels so fast and with such force that a gale would have no influence upon it whatever.

"It is not safe for a person in the open to stand under a tree. A tree may be conducive enough to direct the stroke to itself but is not conducive enough to direct the lightning current to the ground. The result would be an explosive action on the tree and probably side flashes to the person standing under it."—C. F. Talman.

General Lafayette in America

Condensed from the National Republic (July '25)

H. O. Bishop

A HUNDRED years ago the name of General Lafayette was on the tongue of every American. The great Frenchman was making his last visit to the country he loved so well. He made a tour of the 24 states which at that time comprised our Union, visiting practically every town of any consequence in the land. Never has any citizen of a foreign country been received with such popular acclaim. Everywhere he was welcomed as America's greatest friend, and lavishly entertained. He was the guest of the governor of each state.

At the national capital, the doors of the White House were thrown open to him, and the President treated him as a brother. Congress gave a reception in his honor which proved to be one of the most notable events ever staged in the Capitol. It was upon this occasion that Congress presented the old hero with \$200,000 in cash and a township of land consisting of 24,000 acres as an appreciation of his services during the War of Revolution. . . .

Lafayette's full name was Marie Jean Paul Joseph Roche Yves Gilbert du Motier. He was born in 1757. For many centuries his family was among the most distinguished of France. He inherited an independent fortune; became a page to the queen, and through her influence was commissioned a lieutenant in the royal musketeers, guardians of the king.

While serving as a captain of artillery at Metz, in 1776, Lafayette met the Duke of Gloucester, brother of George the Third, at a dinner. The Duke told the amazed guests about the Declaration of Independence and other disturbing news from America. Then and there was born Lafayette's desire to help America.

Openly, France was with England; secretly she was overlooking the sending of military stores across the sea. In order to keep up appearances, a number of young noblemen were refused and reprimanded when they requested permission to help America. This made Lafayette cautious. He was introduced to Silas Deane, American representative in France, who gave him a letter of introduction to Congress, recommending a commission as major general.

At his own expense, and secretly, Lafayette began fitting out a vessel at Bordeaux. The report was given out that the young officer was kept away from society by a slight illness. On April 26 Lafayette's vessel quietly slipped away from France. He was accompanied by De Kalb and 11 other officers. Their little vessel was tossed on the ocean for almost two months before they reached the coast of South Carolina.

Being anxious to get into the fray, Lafayette purchased a horse and set out for Philadelphia, 900 miles away. It was a long, lonesome and arduous journey, consuming a month's time. Upon reaching Philadelphia, Lafayette found Congress just a bit cold in its attitude toward European officers seeking commissions. A number of previous applications of that character had caused considerable jealousy among Americans. But when Lafayette explained that he wanted to serve at his own expense, Congress greeted his whole-hearted sporting proposition with a commission as major general.

The next day he shook hands with George Washington—the beginning of a friendship that lasted for life. For a time Lafayette served as an aide on Washington's staff.

At the Battle of Brandywine the

dashing young Frenchman performed gallantly and received a wound which laid him up for two months. Then he took to the field again and won more distinction. With 300 men he defeated a much larger number of Hessians under Cornwallis at Gloucester Point. This so pleased the American authorities that he was rewarded with the command of a division of Washington's army.

Lafayette's military skill was given another test when he removed his troops and artillery without loss when the British surprised him at Barren Hill, near Philadelphia. His superb services at the Battle of Monmouth are well known to the world. He was first to discover the treachery of General Lee, and reported the suspicious conduct of that disgruntled Englishman to Washington, and thus helped to save the day for America.

His next great service was under General Sullivan in Rhode Island. He was greatly chagrined when Admiral D'Estaing, his countryman, commanding the French fleet, decided, on account of a severe storm, to remove his fleet to Boston. He begged him not to do so. Some days later he went to Boston on horseback to persuade the roaming admiral to return to the shores of Rhode Island and help them battle the British.

This lack of cooperation between the American commanders and the French naval forces was a great source of worry to Lafayette. Believing that he could adjust matters, he obtained leave of absence and sailed for home, on the new American frigate *Alliance*, a fast boat, but manned by a nondescript crew hurriedly picked up. These hoodlums hatched a plot to murder everybody aboard except Lafayette and take the vessel into a British port. They planned to turn the French general over to the British as being suitable in rank to exchange for Burgoyne. Lafayette, however, got wind of the scheme and nipped the plot in the bud

by putting 30 of the mutineers in irons.

So well did Lafayette present the American cause to French officials that it was soon determined to send to our assistance Rochambeau with 6,000 soldiers. This was in addition to naval assistance. Hastening back to America on a swift boat Lafayette made all arrangements for the co-operation of the French forces. Washington, greatly pleased with his work, gave him command of a special corps of 2,000 light infantry. From beginning to end he was with the American army, never with the French auxiliaries.

Lafayette's next scene of activity was in Virginia in 1781. He was sent there to repel the invasion of the traitor Arnold, commanding a British army. His troops were badly equipped. They had no tents and were obliged to sleep in the open. Many of them had neither shoes nor hats. He halted his men at Baltimore and fitted them out with the necessary clothing, paying for them with drafts on France, and endorsed them with his own name in case his government refused to include the draft as an additional loan to America. . . .

Lafayette was later re-enforced by Washington and Rochambeau. They reached Chesapeake Bay on the same day that the French fleet decisively defeated the British fleet, which gave them full possession of the Virginia waters. Poor Cornwallis was in blissful ignorance of the coming of Washington. Fearing that he might hear of the near approach of Washington and escape southward, Lafayette, with the troops of Saint-Simon, brought by the fleet, now had a strong army of 8,000 men which he placed across the neck of the peninsula at Williamsburg, bottling up Cornwallis.

And then came Washington, who took command, concentrated his troops, and made Cornwallis surrender. Thus ended the Revolutionary War.

Can It Be Taught?

Condensed from *The Bookman* (Aug. '25)

Merida Wilde

Miss Wilde's essay won first prize in The Bookman Club Essay Contest, also the prize for the best paper on Education.

I LACK something. This lack, although now growing less noticeable, often has caused me anguish. Can a similar need perhaps be met by the public schools within a few years?

From back in the grades, one still clear picture remains, an incident that made me rebelliously ill at ease. The principal, by chance in our room, was admonishing a certain Jennie Long to sit up straight. I snickered, and was ordered, my face burning, into the cloakroom to await punishment. She came, the principal, and reproved me, called me rude and unkind. I was indignant but silent. How could I tell Miss Garth that at home everybody made fun of Jennie's lanky, ungainly figure, even laughed whenever she passed our house. "There goes that gawk!" I had only done at school as my people did at home. And it didn't seem fair to be punished for what was natural to me.

Fifteen years ago children of the élite attended Jackson Academy; high school got sons and daughters from the lower and upper middle class. And there was a distinction. During the second year began the "cliquing off." (High school is not a democratic institution in this town, never has been, and never will be. Is our town unique in this respect, I wonder?) Clara I liked and admired. Martha was very fond of me. And Clara, in our sophomore

year, ceased passing me notes, waiting for me to stroll along toward the street car with her. Other girls' deflection didn't matter. But I loved Clara—I do yet. And she represented a factor which baldly left me alone.

My father held an office of responsibility (and meagre salary) under Uncle Sam. He had never worn a dress suit in his life; my mother didn't know what a place-card was. Formal affairs with their accoutrements seemed to be a part of Clara's parents' lives. Her people had graduated from high school. My people had received not even six years of public school instruction. Was it that which made me fall just short of the prerequisites for admittance into Clara's crowd?

Martha's people were like my people. Her crowd became my crowd. Yet always a deadening resentment was within me.

I went to a small college and lived in the dormitory. For the first time in my life, I used a bread and butter plate and enjoyed being served. Occasionally I sat at the end of the table with another girl and served with her. Then one Sunday morning I came late into the dining room and was motioned by the preceptress into the one vacant seat at her table. Beside me sat Dot Jennings, a thoroughly charming girl who had been in my class all through the primary grades at home. She wished to be excused from the table for a moment; so when the dishes of breakfast food were set upon the table, there was I alone to serve the cereal. I did as I had done at all other times, asked the girl at the far end of the table whether she wanted cornflakes or oatmeal. As I served

her flakes, Dot slipped into her seat. "But did you serve Miss Stevens first?" she asked me in surprise. Diplomatic Miss Stevens explained, "Mary probably knows I don't eat cereal." I had committed a faux pas, had betrayed my ignorance of gentle behavior, and had done it not only before the preceptress and a table full of fellow students but before Dot Jennings, a society girl from home.

Later, up in my room, I lay and moaned. Why didn't I know an older person must be served first? Why hadn't my folks known it to tell it to me? Why weren't little things like that taught to me, somehow? In a classroom I was at ease; I could learn anything in a book. My mind was nearly as keen as the best, and because I was no prig, I enjoyed respect in my classes. But here I was unworthy because of being just plain ill bred. Why couldn't I have learned somewhere the intricacies of refined manners? . . . For weeks it was torture to meet the eyes of any girl who had been seated at Miss Steven's table on that Sunday morning.

I received my degree there, and came home and found myself teaching in high school. One day at a church social, a naive young boy from another high school than mine was speaking with me about his teachers. He said, "You know, it's funny about Miss Clark. She doesn't seem—nice enough—refined enough—to be a high school teacher." Then hurriedly, "She's awf'ly nice an' all that, but—you know what I mean, don't you?" I did know how he meant about Miss Clark. I knew only too well. In her, I recognized a person very like myself whose family, perhaps, while respectable and not coarse, were at least inexperienced and indifferent to good form. Then I wondered whether some keen sighted student of mine might feel that I wasn't "refined enough to be a high school teacher."

I suffered for weeks over that thought.

Not so long ago, I attended a little shower. Even on this occasion, there appeared my mis-faculty for doing the right thing at the right time. The simple gifts being handed out, I noticed a glass fruit knife. And I exclaimed, "What ever will you do with that? I got one as a prize a year ago and it's still in its box." Instantly I sensed my clumsiness. Someone had brought that gift. And someone had perhaps been hurt at my crudeness. There it was again: I had been thoughtless, hence rude.

Do you see what I lack? While many of my mistakes are the result of carelessness, some of them even now are due either to ignorance of good form or to lack of practice. Just the other day, at a banquet, I picked up in my hand an unwieldy bit of French pastry. At home, we don't eat cake with a fork.

Can some sort of etiquette classes be conducted in our high schools? Even better, in our grammar schools? Can't thoughtfulness for others be made a religiously emphasized creed for children? Can't they have instruction in the rudiments of gentle manners, those who lack such instruction at home? I understand that in a New York high school such a class was recently requested by the pupils.

It is such a gulf, perhaps keeping me even now from Clara, that I want to see filled. It is just such a need, a want, a lack, that I wish might be provided for in our public school systems. Training to fill this void forms a large part of the course in boarding schools and finishing schools. But can't all the children of all the people have this need conscientiously met?

We strive so earnestly to teach culture in speech; why not emphasize equally culture in behavior?

The Racing Bonanza

Excerpts from *The Independent* (July 25, '25)

Peter Burnaugh

NOT so very long ago, the astute managing editor of a New York evening newspaper issued an order for a headline to be printed across the top of the front page of the final edition reading: **RESULT OF THE SEVENTH RACE AT NEW ORLEANS.**

This headline was destined to be perpetual, changing only as the name of the track changed. The wisdom of the order was attested by the fact that other New York dailies followed the example and adopted it as a permanent institution.

It is a significant thing. The function of the headline is, of course, that of a salesman for the news it announces. In no business is the field more carefully analyzed to determine what the public wants. The reasonable deduction, therefore, is that the most coveted piece of news in New York City at six o'clock on any winter's evening is the name of a horse that has won a race on a track a thousand miles away.

Since the interest is constant, winter and summer, regardless of the class of horses engaged; since the seventh and last event on any day's racing at a winter track almost invariably brings out the cheapest, oldest, most decrepit horses of the day, it seems safe to assume that the public interest does not lie in the personality of the successful horse.

What it all amounts to is this: a considerable part of the population of New York City—and the same is probably true, in varied degree, of every city of the United States—is financially interested each day in the outcome of racing somewhere, and a newspaper containing the result of the last race is highly salable be-

cause it permits its reader to balance his books on the day's operations.

Familiarity with the kind of horses that run in the last race at New Orleans each day permits no other explanation. I am thoroughly convinced that the interest in the winner is, in an overwhelming majority of cases, neither more nor less than the interest a man has in the identity of an opponent's buried card in a game of stud poker.

Wherefore, it is deduced that we are pleased to call a sport is in reality a huge gambling machine — a daily, nation-wide game of stud poker. . . .

Last winter a corporation known as the Miami Jockey Club sold stock, invested nearly a million dollars in the construction of a new racing plant near Miami, Florida, and inaugurated a race meeting there on January 15. On March 15, after 51 days of sport, the profits had entirely paid for the plant and all other initial expenditures. The second meeting will open next January with all indebtedness marked off and nothing but dividends ahead. Stock which sold at par less than a year ago is now eagerly sought at \$250 a share.

Stockholders in the four tracks in Kentucky, and in the same number in Maryland, are reaping a golden harvest. The month of June brought news of no less than three corporations being formed to build that number of new tracks in Florida.

Ohio, for the last year, has been a mushroom bed of race tracks. The latest and most costly opened near Cincinnati on July 6. This new track and the old Latonia track across the river will, between them,

draw a constant flow of money from eager turf fans in Cincinnati from May until November.

Wherefore, it is deduced that racing is neither a sport nor a gamble, but a bonanza.

Envoys of Sport

Editorial from *The Outlook* (July 25, '22)

THE combined teams of Oxford and Cambridge, meeting first Harvard and Yale and a week later Princeton and Cornell on track and field, are the British Empire's envoys of sport. Here is at least one international competition in which comradeship is perched far above victory. Victory is just as sweet, but defeat comes without bitterness. It is a bond of fellowship between the two great English-speaking peoples, the two which are keenest about sport and whose heritage is the guardianship of fair play. As Lord Desborough put it at a great dinner at the Achilles Club in London, in the early stages of this relationship, "The athlete of today is the statesman of tomorrow. Is it conceivable that this fellowship of the track and field will not be carried into the councils of the two great English-speaking nations?"

This, then, is not an invasion, but a visit, conducted back and forth across the Atlantic every two years. The seventh and best of all the meets was held the other day in the Harvard Stadium, where, after an exciting day's competition, Americans and English were tied in first places at six each, and it was necessary to count second places to decide the winner, giving the triumph to Yale and Harvard by $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. But the significant feature of this meet was the attitude of the crowd of 15,000, which welcomed ev-

ery visiting winner—and loser—with a thunder of applause, without losing for a moment its feeling of honest partisanship.

It was a crowd schooled in the technique of this form of competition to a higher degree than any that has ever before turned out at these affairs, yet in its thorough American way it rejoiced in making much of personalities—Lord Burghley, known at his own request to his American track comrades as "Dave," and the greatest hurdler in England's athletic history, little swarthy Van Geysel, the Ceylonese high jumper with the beautiful style; plucky little A. V. Porritt, the New Zealand sprinter, who stepped to the mark after a journey across the Atlantic and thence by train to Boston that landed him on the scene of the games only the night before, and with time for no greater preparation than a jog or two by arc light. . . .

As further evidence of good will, it was evidently fitting that the victory of W. E. Stevenson in the quarter-mile should have made the ties at first places possible. Stevenson is a Rhodes scholar from Princeton, who was running his heart out for Oxford. . . .

These meets are proving that we can have a high degree of sporting sentiment in international athletics without sloppy sentimentality, and so are an unmixed blessing.

I enjoyed above all magazines I read during college, the clear, concise articles in *The Reader's Digest*. It is all wheat with the chaff fanned out. Its cost is so small that one may have the luxury of a news stand at the cost of one magazine.—*B. J. Murrie, New Burnside, Ill.*

Free Will, Regulation, Non-resistance

Condensed from Harper's Magazine (Aug. '25)

Edward S. Martin, Editor of Harper's

WE are instructed by our pastors and masters — that is by some of them — that knowledge of good and evil, and free will in our choice between them is the particular gift of God to us which makes the great distinction between us and the animals. Now, free will is valuable. How are we going to save it?

There have been two main ends of education — to impart knowledge, and to train the young to do as their elders thought they should. A great aim of education has been obedience. It seems very necessary in children—at least it is highly recommended in Scripture. You have to have a certain amount of it in human life or you will have more trouble than you can handle. But if it persists too long or is too fervently exacted, you lose free will and with it the greatest prerogative of man.

What does education mean anyway? It means to bring out what is in one, and that is what education ought to do. What is the greatest thing in us and the most important for education to bring out? It is free will, the capacity to choose between good and evil, between wisdom and foolishness, and to follow which ever one prefers. Without free will there is little or no permanent progress in civilization. Civilization will progress through obedience to God, but doubtfully through obedience to man. The understanding of the Divine Will is knowledge. By that men improve and develop good judgment. Not so, necessarily, by the understanding of the will of man and concurring with that. The great exercise provided for us by Almighty Wisdom for our journey through this life is the exercise of intelligence and of our free wills; to

meet temptation and beat it; to reach more and more to that understanding of the Divine Will which is knowledge and truth. In our childhood we need guidance, and there are only too many people who never really grow up and who need more or less guidance all their days. But those who do grow up must develop by the exercise of their own minds and their own wills, otherwise they will neither be strong nor wise. To live by rules laid down by other persons for the government of our actions is not enough. We are not machines nor made to run on rails.

In spite of our great need of developing each man for himself our own powers of self-direction in this extraordinary country and this extraordinary time, we are afflicted with a pest of people who insist upon telling us what to do and are able to get laws through legislatures that aim to make us do it. They want to tell us, and they do tell us, what not to drink, what not to learn, what not to believe, where to send our children to school, what shows to go to, how to dress, how much to wear when we go swimming, what to do on Sunday, and to what particulars of theology to subscribe. A good deal of that is not new in the world. It has always happened that there have been people who have thought that what they saw was all the truth there was and who insisted on imposing their conception of it on others. Prohibition is not new; insistence upon details of creed is not new, but such things have so rained upon us in recent years that really we begin to be astonished. And what is the reason? The reason is that by the working of democracy the power to regulate has gone

into the hands of half-taught people whose understanding of life is imperfect and their knowledge limited. Most of them mean to do right and make right prevail, but go about it in so faulty a way that what prevails is wrong. They sow for peace and raise war. They sow for temperance and raise rebellion. They do not know what seed they scatter.

Christ regulated no one; He compelled no one. As has been said of Him, He had complete understanding of the psychological effect of compulsion on men, whereas the prohibitionists and the regulators by legislation seem ignorant of anything but the first and more obvious consequences of what they do. They do not seem to understand that mind is free and that all effort to compel it to accept what it does not assent to ends in hypocrisy, evasion, or resistance. They do not seem to understand that legislation makes nothing right and nothing wrong, but that our sense of right and wrong is a growth of centuries and millenniums and, that when laws conflict with it, our consciences reject them, though we may find it politic so to shape our conduct as to keep us out of trouble with the courts.

An interesting man who has some rather novel ideas on some fundamental subjects, being asked the other what the world needs, replied: "What it needs is the gospel of Christ. Implicit faith in that will save the world. Nothing else will." His answer was interesting because of what he thought Christianity meant. The old religions, he said, stood for prohibition and punishment, but Christianity for freedom and forgiveness. His idea was altogether that Christ came to make us free; that He came to use our wills and not to suppress them; to cure the world from the inside out, not from the outside in.

Christ would save the world, not by compulsion, not by legal regulation, but by such a reshaping of the will as He had power to effect, and described as rebirth. That power undoubtedly remains in the world to this day and works in our times, and it is about the most valuable asset we have and, some day, believers think it will really be tried out and bring peace.

What the Great War may finally be discovered to have effected is the end of the long, long tried attempt to save the world by compulsion, and the beginning of an effort to do so by general consent. When the philosopher quoted above said that implicit faith in the gospel of Christ will save the world and nothing else will, something like that was what he implied.

That, however, seems not imminent. We have to be content with much more modest deductions, as that creeds will not make belief, nor regulations make character, nor laws necessarily bring order, nor prohibition, temperance.

Christ said: Resist not evil. That was one item of His counsel to His followers. It is very puzzling. Did He mean that there should be no resistance to evil? Or did He out of His profound discernment see that evil, if given its head, would breed a much more efficacious resistance than any we could provide against it? The cure for many difficult situations is to let people have their own way and face the consequences. We use that remedy often as it is, and should use it oftener if we were less combative, and were not misled by traditional valuations which rate material things too high and spiritual things too low. Our propensity to do that seems almost incurable, but we get a lot of instruction as we go along, and "Resist not evil" may not always baffle our intelligence.

Our Merchant Aviation

Condensed from The Outlook (Aug. 5, '25)

Laurence La Tourette Driggs

THE anomalous position in which American aviation finds itself five years after the war is as puzzling to our own people as it is incredible to our foreign competitors. We have won practically all the world records for performances of aircraft, yet we have made no progress in adapting this "swiftest mode of travel ever known" to the transportation of passengers and merchandise.

A few months after the close of the World War the president of one of our greatest express companies came forward with this proposal: "My company will guarantee one dollar a pound for packages carried by airplane from New York to Chicago. Get your manufacturers together and form a company. We will supply you with all the merchandise you can carry. It will be light but valuable. . . . The express companies fought the Parcels Post, but we soon found we were wrong. It helped us. It gave the public the idea of sending packages. So now we believe an immense reservoir of parcels lies waiting to be tapped by this more expensive but swifter airplane service. Bank paper in New York drawn on Chicago will save one day's interest if it can be transported by airplane. Expensive jewels, drugs, furs, gifts, machine parts needed instantly—unsuspected commodities will clamor for the quickest delivery possible. I will guarantee a paying service.

"Of course," he continued, "you must insure us against loss in transit and you must guarantee your schedule. If one of your airplanes falls into the Hudson River, you must have another machine there on the spot ready to transfer the

cargo and carry it on to Chicago on schedule time."

Fair enough, this business proposal made five years ago! What still prevents its carrying out? What must be done to insure an airplane cargo and to secure its *safe* transportation between our American cities?

The expenditure of vast capital and the sympathetic interest of the Government has made it possible for the traveler from New York to reach Chicago in 20 hours. The hurried traveler can reach Chicago in five hours by airplane when a small part of this capital and Government sympathy is expended on air travel preparation.

On the coast and along our navigable streams the Government erects lighthouses and markings. The channels are kept clear at public expense. Wharfs and docks are maintained as landing places for the ships of the sea.

Ships of the air cannot undertake a safe and regular transportation between our cities until similar essential conveniences and safeguards are provided. First of all, the Government must control the navigation of the air as it now controls the navigation of our waters. It must supervise the licensing of air pilots. It must inspect all aircraft for airworthiness. It must lay down and enforce "rules of the air" to safeguard travel. It must establish air lighthouses along air routes with emergency landing fields at suitable intervals. It must enact laws fixing the liability for negligence in the air, criminal torts in air regardless of the particular State over which the tort is committed. *No capital*

will be invested in commercial aviation until the government acts.

As a matter of fact, the law of this country now presumes that the owner of land owns likewise the air above his land. A farmer in Vermont plowing with a frisky team brought suit against an aviator who flew overhead, frightening his horses and causing them to rear back and injure themselves against the sharp edges of the plow. The farmer recovered damages in the Vermont courts. . . The Vermont court would have dismissed the action if the aviator had been in a motor boat pop-pop-popping his way up a navigable stream through this farmer's pasture, unconsciously frightening the horses. But the stream of air above our heads is not yet considered navigable by the laws of the United States.

Worse still, while our Government is silent upon this subject, so important to the launching of our commercial aviation, the Legislatures of our States are not so backward. Many State Legislatures have adopted laws governing airplanes through their sovereign air. Pilots must be licensed within that State. Toilets must be provided upon the aircraft along certain lines. Monkey-wrenches must not be dropped overboard. And, finally, all craft of the air must land before crossing the borders of one of our Southern States, to be inspected and licensed at a fairly fat fee. . . Truly, must each law-abiding aviator be also a Philadelphia lawyer if he undertakes today a cross-country flight.

Federal laws, then, should clearly establish the inter-State character of our commercial aviation before we become lost in a maze of local regulations. . . The European nations have not only recognized this principle in their individual nations, but have adopted it as applied to international aviation. National borders are crossed as blithely as are those of county or State. That an aircraft of a foreign nation flying over the border may be identified it is

required to display its identification marks. The customs-house representative on watch below turns to the list of aircraft registered in his book. He enters the exact time, direction of flight, and other data, and the fast-disappearing machine overhead has satisfied all international requirements.

In the absence of this precaution, our Government invites the unrestricted use of unidentified aircraft for smuggling contraband articles across our borders. The air smuggler has already come to be a desperate problem for our police. Paying duties at the Customs House has little attraction for the dishonest man when this "open route" beckons him. Our laws against smuggling will become a farce unless this popular means of evading them is checked.

The Air Mail has shown the world what can be done even with wholly inadequate preparations for safety first. This service has been operated even through entire wintry months with an exactness of schedule superior to that of any railroads in competition with it. During one stormy month of January the Air Mail reached Chicago without one failure in its entire schedule, while but 20 per cent of the trains of one of our greatest railroads arrived at Chicago on time during that month.

Commercial aviation has an important bearing upon our national defense. Aircraft factories cannot be constructed overnight. At present our aircraft factories are kept from bankruptcy only by the considerable orders from the War and Navy Departments. A merchant air service will add greatly to the convenience and prosperity of our people. It provides the cheapest and most efficient arm for National defense. For it provides an abundance of airplanes with trained pilots ready for immediate service, and it presumes the constant operation of American airplane factories—a situation upon which the safety of this country hangs.

The King of the Arctic Trails

Condensed from The American Magazine (Aug. '25)

Barrett Willoughby

NOME, pioneer streets fluttering with the pennants of Derby Week; whistles tooting, bells ringing, joyous crowds. Boom! Cannon salute from Fort Davis. Fur-clad whites rush toward the frigid shore in front of town. The band strikes up. A mighty cheer echoes across the ice. And then, speeding like the wind down the silver trail, comes the cause of it all—a dog team!

Dogs and driver are frost-whitened, gaunt, battered, from four days' and nights' grueling on the longest, most cruel race course in the world. "Scotty Allan! Baldy!" yells the crowd. Men fight to grasp the hand of the driver; women struggle to embrace him. The prize—\$10,000 heaped in a silver cup—is pressed into Allan's tired arms. Enthusiasts hoist him to their shoulders and bear him in triumph toward the town, while others carry Baldy, the idol of Alaska dog men; Baldy, the most famous lead dog in the world, who brought his team in a winner seven times in the annual sweepstakes races!

No leader is expected to stand up under more than two races over that 420-mile course, which comprises every hazard of the Arctic; the grinding ice of Bering Sea; the frozen tundra, where blizzards smother and polar winds cut like blades; the mountain crests, where men and dogs crawl on their bellies to keep from being blown over into canyons; the stark bitterness of Death Valley, which claims its toll of lives each year. One in three drivers come in snow-blind and raving mad from the cold and fatigue exacted by that four-day race.

Scotty Allan is an Alaskan, a miner, and adventurer, and the owner of the finest kennels in the North.

Despite the fact that his people in Scotland tried for three years to make a lawyer of him, he is now Alaska's champion dog-musher, and the world's greatest authority on the breeding and training of racing and sled dogs. From Nome to France, his name is a household word among dog lovers; for, during the war, it was he to whom France called to bring to her assistance that four-footed foreign legion, The War Dogs of Nome, whose heroic work in transporting ammunition under fire is now a matter of history.

The day Allan landed in France with his 440 dogs—28 of which had been sired by Baldy—one snow-bound battery high up in the Vosges Mountains had been trying unsuccessfully for two weeks to get ammunition. Four days later, those dogs—trained on the grueling Sweepstakes Trail of Alaska—had transported 90 tons to the besieged Frenchmen. . . . That was but the beginning of the service which won for Allan and his dogs the Croix de Guerre.

Alaskans call him King of the Arctic Trails, because in all his 25 years' battling with the blizzards of the North he has never been lost. "Whenever I've found myself in a tight place," he told me, "I'd trust to my leader's judgment rather than my own. Sometimes, of course, I didn't trust soon enough.

"I remember once, in the early days of my racing. I was on the home stretch in a blizzard. Nearing the town of Council I passed another racer — we'll call him Fenwick. He was pretty nearly all in. He shouted to me that he was quitting at Council.

"The air was thick with swirling snow. Gritty as salt it was, and

stinging like splinters of steel. It baked into my furs and the coats of my dogs, until we were encased in snow crusts solid as ice. It grew worse. The din deafened me. I felt as if the dogs and I were battling all the devilish elements in the universe. I got a glimpse now and then of the dog nearest the sled—but for the most part I couldn't see even him. It got dark. On the other side of Council's trail, being hard to find, had been marked with stakes. I kept flashing my electric torch until I picked them up. Then I tried to make Baldy follow the staked trail. He refused. As fast as I'd swing him into it, he'd try to go off to the right again. For two hours he kept fighting to leave that trail for the right. And then—to my astonishment—the trail petered out. I had to turn and go way back to Council again; and then I found that the stakes had been changed that day. They had fooled me; but they couldn't fool Baldy."

All Alaska knows the story of that stake changing. The betting in Council had been heavy against Scotty. Certain citizens, to make their winning sure, had hired an Eskimo woman and her reindeer to break a false trail, and had transferred the stakes to it to mislead the Scotchman. When they saw him return to Council nearly exhausted, the schemers awoke Fenwick, who had been asleep over two hours. Though he had officially announced himself out of the race, they started him again. Allan launched his team into the blizzard. The refreshed Fenwick won first place, but Baldy brought the Allan team in only a few minutes behind him, and won the second prize.

"I've handled dogs all my life," Allan told me, "and for sheer grit and fighting spirit Baldy heads the list. I remember once—it was in the biggest race I ever ran—I stopped to rest the team at the last roadhouse on the home stretch. When I started to hitch up again, I found that Baldy had gone lame. He was so stiff and sore that the slightest

touch made him wince; but, game to the backbone, he tried to stand for his harness, moaning with pain all the while.

"In any race, a dog in need of recuperating is put on the sled and carried along. We finally got Baldy tied into a sleeping bag, although he fought against the humiliation of it. I put another dog in the lead, and was just about to start when there was the darnedest growling and ripping you ever heard. Baldy's fangs slashed through that bag, and out he came.

"By George, it was pitiful, and wonderful, too, to watch him crawl to the head of his team, and try to get them started. He'd stagger along a little way and then look back. The dogs didn't follow him, because he wasn't hitched. Then he came over to me, whimpering and begging as plainly as anything you ever heard, to be hooked up in his place. The proud courage of the little fellow was enough to make a man weep. I told him how utterly impossible it was; and then, just to convince him, I hitched him in the lead again. He started off, slowly at first, moving his poor stiff legs by sheer will power. Then, as the exercise limbered him up, he began going faster and faster, until we were passing the six teams ahead of us, one by one. Baldy brought us in first in the most hotly contested race we ever ran!

"When you consider that a team is composed of from seven to 33 dogs you can see what a task the leader has. Since a team is driven entirely by the voice of the driver the leader must be continually on the alert for commands. More than that, he has to exert himself to swing the whole team behind him. If the dogs like him, they help him. Otherwise, they wilfully drag upon him, tiring him physically as well as mentally. I remember, in the first race Baldy ever led, he did something that showed a capacity for reasoning which seems almost incredible."

And here Allan told me the story that is repeated wherever sound dogs gather about an evening fire: It was

in the Solomon Derby. Baldy, hitherto untried, had been put in as lead dog, since Allan's leader had been accidentally killed just before the race. Baldy exhibited a speed that astonished his master. As was Allan's custom, he was cheering his dogs with remarks and rollicking Scotch ballads. Then came a long stretch, when never a sound of his driver's voice reached Baldy. He stopped his team and looked back. He was without a driver, and instinct told him that something was wrong.

How Baldy, the obscure and untried leader, managed to swing his rebellious team, unaided and without tangling a trace, will never be known, but swing it he did, and started back through the falling snow to find his master. The dog found Allan lying unconscious, frozen blood crimsoning his fur cap. What taught the dog to paw gently at his master's breast and lick his face until consciousness returned and the Scotchman feebly sat up?

"I was dazed, blood-soaked, and freezing," said Allan. "Finally I began to remember. As Baldy had taken us flying past the last team on the trail, I had heard something snap. I leaned over the side of the sled to see if perhaps a runner had given away. There was a sledgehammer blow on my head, and I didn't know another thing until I felt Baldy licking my face. You see, I'd struck my head on an iron stake beside the trail. . . I didn't know whether the other fellows had passed me or not. Baldy started up, and plunged ahead at such a pace that we came speeding back to Nome winner of the first prize.

"I recall the case of George Carpenter, a newspaper man, who with two prospectors was caught in a blizzard near Nome. With their dogs they had to huddle in the open for three days, existing on frozen raw bacon and snow. With the fourth day, the bacon gave out and the blizzard was worse than ever. They knew if they remained where they were they'd starve or freeze.

They started out, and one by one their 15 dogs deserted them, until only Big Jim remained—a mongrel with a bit of St. Bernard in him.

"It wasn't long before the three men were hopelessly lost. For two agonizing days they plodded along without rest. Then Carpenter fell exhausted and, rather than jeopardize the chances of the other two, he begged them to bury him in a drift and go on. Finally, the prospectors assented, with the forlorn hope that they might reach a roadhouse in time to send help to him.

"But Big Jim didn't go on. He laid his frost-encrusted body over that of the stricken Carpenter, who was fast losing consciousness. For three days and nights the blizzard continued to howl, while the faithful dog kept life and warmth in his master's body. At intervals he'd raise his head, scattering the packed snow, and send out his deep bay of distress. It was Big Jim's barking that eventually directed the rescue party to the spot where poor Carpenter lay. Thanks to Jim, they found him alive.

"Training dogs is just like training children. To get obedience three things are necessary: kindness, firmness, and appreciation. When you tell a dog to do a thing, stay with him until he does it, and then don't be afraid to show him that you appreciate it. My dogs are all so trained that when I'm ready to hitch my team each animal takes his place and waits for me to put on his harness. As a rule, dogs are proud to get into the team; but I had a racer once who started out to show his independence the day he came to my kennels.

"At hitching time I whistled for him, but he remained in his bed until every other dog was in harness. Finally he bolted down the bank and swam an overflow there. I followed him until he started across the tundra, where soft snow had drifted over the bushes, making travel impossible for me without snowshoes. When I turned back, the dog sat down and eyed me, as

much as to say, 'Ah-ha! Beat you that time!' But in a few minutes I was on my snowshoes and trailing him again.

"Hour after hour that rascal kept ahead of me, but I didn't worry. You know a man can run down anything on four legs, if he'll only keep after it long enough. A pursued animal, anxious and running all the time, is bound to give out. I kept after the dog all day, and finally saw him ahead, crouched in the snow, shivering and exhausted.

"I stood some distance away and, keeping all sign of irritation out of my voice, called to him. He didn't move at first; but when I called again he came crawling to me, and lay trembling at my feet, his eyes on the whip I held in my hand. I didn't use it, because he had come to me of his own accord when I called him. Instead, I patted him and talked nice to him; and we came home the best of friends. I never had any trouble with him after that. He had learned that my word was law, and that there was no evading it. But if I had given him a beating that day, after I'd caught him, he probably would have been a rebel all his life.

"A team can be nearly exhausted, but if the driver will run along whistling, they pick up like magic. I can always get more speed out of my dogs by jollying them along. From two o'clock in the morning to sunrise is the worst time for fatigue. Those are the ghastly hours, when men freeze on the trail. Those are the hours when weariness has made me see weird lights and strange shadow-men flitting along ahead of me, and my dogs were whining and faltering in the traces. Then is the time I sing to them—they like best the spirited old songs I learned when a boy in Scotland. Such songs never fail to put new life into them, and no matter how tough the trip, I can always bring my team in at the finish with tails up and waving.

"If it hadn't been for a Mackenzie River Husky, Dubby, I wouldn't be here talking to you today. I was crossing Iliamna Lake one winter. The ice had cracked all over. Some of the openings were four and six feet wide. These had frozen again, but the new ice was thin in many places. I went ahead of the team, testing the ice with a pole; but finally I must have grown careless, for I suddenly broke through and went down in the water over my head. I bobbed up again and could just get my arms on the edge of the crack and draw myself up to the waist, but not an inch farther. I'd hang there a minute, struggling, then down I'd go again.

"I called to Dubby, trying to get him to come close enough so I could catch hold of him. Though he did his best to reach me, there was a black devil of a dog next to the sled who was afraid. He'd pull back, which action started the others backing also, and Dub, of course, couldn't pull the whole team by himself.

"I kept raising myself; but each time I fell a little short. I could feel the cold slowly striking into my bones. I began to wonder how many minutes it was going to take me to die. . . It was then I saw Dubby was starting the team. He had evidently given up trying to come straight for my hole and had veered off at an angle. He circled around back of me, and then it dawned on me what he was trying to do! The sled swung in toward me. I made a desperate grab for it—and missed it by inches! But the second time, the wonderful fellow circled, and I succeeded in grasping a runner as the sled went by. . . You can't tell me that a dog can't reason. I'd have been in that lake yet if Dubby hadn't known just how close he could bring his team without their balking on him. . . He was the greatest little general I ever had."

REV. FRED EASTMAN (p. 277) contributed an autobiographical article, *Shall I Remain in the Ministry?*, to the March issue of *Harp's* (*Reader's Digest*, April), which impressed a large public.

DR. THOMAS A. JAGGAR, Jr. (p. 279), son of an Ohio bishop, graduate of Harvard, 1883, student at Munich and Heidelberg, chose geology as his life work. He taught at Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology from 1895 to 1912. Since that time he has conducted volcano and earthquake expeditions in half-a-dozen countries, and is now head of the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory.

THOMAS E. TALLMADGE (p. 281) is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects.

GEORGE W. HINMAN, Jr. (p. 287), is a newspaper correspondent with headquarters in Washington; formerly an army officer attached to the War Department.

DR. MAX G. SCHLAPP (p. 289), professor of Neuropathology at New York Post-Graduate Medical School Hospital, was born in Iowa and graduated in medicine from Cornell, Heidelberg, and Berlin, where he did special research upon the brain. Doctor Schlapp is also director of the New York Children's Court Clinic, where some of the most interesting modern work in the medical correction of criminals and delinquent children has been done, and he has an international reputation for his work with feeble-minded children, epileptics, and sufferers from nerve and gland troubles.

CHARLES S. BROOKS (p. 293), a writer of many interests, is President of the Playhouse Company of Cleveland, and the author of several volumes, ranging from *Chimney Pot Papers* to *A Thread of English Road*. The sketch *Like Summer's Cloud* will be in a book to be brought out by Harcourt, Brace and Co.

BRUCE BLIVEN (p. 305) is one of the editors of the *New Republic*; formerly on the editorial staffs of the *San Francisco Bulletin* and the *New York Globe* and director of the department of Journalism, University of Southern California.

CLARENCE DARROW (p. 307) is the well-known Chicago lawyer.

WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH (p. 311), Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the United States Senate, has been Senator from Idaho since 1907. During this long period his prestige has steadily increased; assailed by criticism from time to time, he has emerged from every political fight a greater personality than he entered it, and today, he stands forth as unquestionably, the prominent figure in the Senate.

MILTON CONOVER (p. 317) is Instructor in Government at Yale University.

CHARLES W. HOLMAN (p. 319) is Secretary of the American Institute of Cooperation.

ELIZABETH L. CLEVELAND (p. 321), went to Europe in June, 1912, with the Y. M. C. A. After the Armistice, she was with the child-welfare branch of the American Red Cross, which later became the Junior Red Cross. She worked for two years mainly with the children of the tribes of northern high Albania. She is now connected with one of New York's experimental schools.

MERIDA WILDE (p. 327) is a teacher in the middle west.

PETER BURNAUGH (p. 329) is racing expert of the *New York Telegram-Mail*, and a keen lover of horses and horse racing.

LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS (p. 333) is one of the foremost students of aviation.

